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1920.

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THE
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LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S CASE-BOOK :
THE PIMLICO MYSTERY.

BY THE RT. HON. SIR EDWARD CLARKE, K.C.

'How Mr. Bartlett met his death the jury do not know ; the Pimlico mystery remains at the end of six days' trial a mystery still. Whether on the theory of guilt or innocence, the whole story is marvellous. Three or four very commonplace persons are the actors in it, and they weave a plot which will in all probability never be unravelled.'—*The Times*, April 19, 1886.

On April 9, 1875, at the parish church of Croydon, Thomas Edwin Bartlett, a grocer and provision dealer, who carried on business at Station Road, Herne Hill, and lived there over the shop, was married to a young French girl named Adelaide Blanche de la Tremouille. It was a strange union. The husband was thirty years of age ; the wife's age was given in the marriage certificate as nineteen, but she was in fact a school girl of sixteen, and she was brought to England from the French convent in which her childhood had been passed to take her share in a purely commercial transaction.

She was the unacknowledged daughter of an Englishman of good social position ; and he or his agents arranged the marriage, which was to be, at all events until her education was completed, merely a friendly companionship. She saw the husband who had been chosen for her only once before she met him for the ceremony at Croydon church ; the marriage was not consummated ; and she was sent for twelve months to a boarding-school at Stoke Newington, and afterwards spent nearly two years at a convent school in Belgium. No money was settled upon her ; but a considerable sum was paid to the husband, and was judiciously employed by him in extending his business.

It was not until the end of 1877 that Mrs. Bartlett came to live with her husband at Herne Hill. Soon afterwards his mother

died, and he at once offered his father a home with him and his young wife. A few months after the widower came to live with them an unpleasant incident occurred, which at the time appeared to be of no great importance, and seemed indeed to have been soon forgotten, but which eight years later had serious consequences.

Mr. Bartlett's father had not approved the wedding ; he had not been invited to attend it ; and he did not see the wife until after her return from Belgium.

Now to his son, or to others from whom it came to his son's knowledge, he made accusations against the young wife of unchastity with her brother-in-law.

Edwin Bartlett took up the matter firmly. He sent for his solicitor, and compelled his father to sign a document admitting that he had made reflections on Adelaide Bartlett's character ; confessing that his statements were altogether unfounded and untrue ; apologising to his son and his daughter-in-law for having made them ; and authorising his son to make what use he pleased of that apology. At the trial of Adelaide Bartlett for the murder of her husband Mr. Bartlett was the first witness and, faced with this document, he declared that the accusation he had made against her was true, and was known to be true by the husband and the solicitor at the time when the apology was signed, but that his son had begged him to sign it to make peace with him and his wife. A strange incident, whichever story was true. Stranger still that he remained for five years an inmate of that home, and that according to his account the husband and wife were always on affectionate terms.

Those five years passed quietly ; uneventful but for the birth of a still-born child in 1881. The husband would not allow a doctor to be called in, although the midwife begged for it ; the wife suffered terribly and almost died ; and resolved never again to endure the pain and danger of maternity.

At the end of 1883 Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett went to live at a house known as 'The Cottage,' at Merton Abbey, near Wimbledon. The business was flourishing ; he and a partner had six shops—at Brixton, Dulwich, Lordship Lane, and other places in that neighbourhood ; and now for the first time they lived away from the business. Mr. Bartlett was a Wesleyan, and they used to attend a little chapel which was situate in the High Street, Merton. Here in the very early days of 1885 a good-looking young minister, the Rev. George Dyson, then about twenty-seven years of age, came to take charge of the chapel, and seeing Mr. and Mrs.

Bartlett in the congregation he paid them a pastoral visit. The acquaintance so commenced soon developed into a close friendship and a constant intimacy. Both husband and wife were much attracted by the new minister. Edwin Bartlett admired the intellectual qualities in which he knew himself to be deficient; Adelaide Bartlett, for the first time since her marriage, enjoyed the sympathetic companionship of a young man of her own age, who appreciated her accomplishments of music and singing, and whose occasional visits, soon to become very frequent, brought a welcome refreshment into her dull and monotonous life. The result might easily be foreseen. Her strange husband seemed to foresee it, and to take every means of bringing it about.

He was most cordial in his reception of the handsome young visitor; he pressed him to make his visits more frequent, whether he himself would be at home to receive him or not; he arranged for him to give lessons to his wife in Latin and history and mathematics; with his knowledge Mr. Dyson took her to his lodgings; under his eyes, and apparently with his complete acquiescence, the friendship of the two young people warmed into affection. There was something stranger still. At one of the young minister's earliest visits Mr. Bartlett asked him whether it was not consistent with Bible teaching that a man should have two wives, one for service and the other for educated and intelligent companionship. The suggestion was made at first tentatively, half-playfully, but a little later he discussed the question more seriously.

When Mr. Dyson gave this evidence at the trial he was asked by a shocked and perplexed judge, 'Did not it strike you as an unwholesome sort of talk in the family circle?' and he answered, 'Not coming from him, my lord; he was a man who had some strange ideas.' The remarkable thing was, and it may hereafter be found to have much significance, that he should talk about these strange ideas to the young man whose growing intimacy with his wife he was so diligently encouraging.

Before the end of the summer the natural result had followed and assurances of mutual love had been exchanged. It seems probable that Mr. Bartlett heard of this from his wife, and heard it with approval, for at the end of August, when they were leaving the house at Merton and going to spend a month in lodgings at Dover, he pressed Mr. Dyson to come and see them there, offered to pay his expenses, and asked him to write to Mrs. Bartlett. And without consulting him upon the matter, he came up to his solicitor's office on the 3rd of September and made a fresh will.

By the former will the wife, to whom everything was left, would forfeit it if she married again. Now all his property was left absolutely to her, and Mr. Dyson and the solicitor were appointed joint executors. A few days later Mr. Bartlett, being again in town, went to see Mr. Dyson at his lodgings at Putney and told him of the new will. He told him something more. He not only told him that he wished the intimacy to continue, but he said, 'If anything happens to me, you two may come together.' During the month of their stay at Dover, Mr. Dyson went down several times, spending six or seven days alone with Mrs. Bartlett, for her husband came to London to business daily, leaving Dover very early and returning very late. And he wrote to her at other times. One of his letters brought a response from Mr. Bartlett, which was of cardinal importance at the trial. The evidence about conversations was nebulous and might be untrustworthy; this was evidence beyond dispute:

'14 St. James Street, Dover. *Monday, 22 Sept. 1885.*

'DEAR GEORGE,—Permit me to say I feel great pleasure in thus addressing you for the first time. To me it is a privilege to think that I am allowed to feel toward you as a brother, and I hope our friendship may ripen as time goes on, without anything to mar its future brightness. Would that I could find words to express my thankfulness to you for the very loving letter you sent Adelaide to-day. It would have done anybody good to see her overflowing with joy as she read it while walking along the street, and afterwards as she read it to me. I felt my heart going out to you. I long to tell you how proud I feel at the thought I should soon be able to clasp the hand of the man who from his heart could pen such noble thoughts. Who can help loving you? I felt that I must say two words, "Thank you," and my desire to do so is my excuse for troubling you with this. Looking towards the future with joyfulness, I am, yours affectionately,

EDWIN.'

From this time, at all events, there was no concealment as to the terms on which these young people stood. The husband's presence or absence made no difference. To each other they were Adelaide and George; they kissed each other in the husband's presence; walks were taken together; and when the visit to Dover ended and furnished lodgings were taken at Pimlico, Mr. Bartlett gave Mr. Dyson a season ticket from Putney to Waterloo, and a loose coat and slippers were kept at the lodgings for him. There was so little secrecy, that when the servant was

summoned to the sitting-room she found Mrs. Bartlett sitting by Mr. Dyson with her head upon his shoulder, and they remained quite undisturbed.

Their future marriage was always kept in mind. Mrs. Bartlett told Mr. Dyson that her husband had suffered from some secret and recurrent illness which made him think he would not live long. Mr. Dyson told her that, according to the rules of the Wesleyan body, he could not marry until October 1887; and when Mr. Bartlett one day corrected his wife for some small fault Mr. Dyson said: 'If ever she comes under my care I shall have to teach her differently,' and the husband smiled and answered, 'I have no doubt that you will take good care of her.' That Mr. Bartlett was not likely to live long, and that after his death she would marry Mr. Dyson, was assumed by all three.

No one but Mr. Bartlett and his wife seems to have known anything of the secret and recurrent illness. His father and his partner knew him as a strong man who had had no illness for many years; in 1880, after medical examination, he was passed for life insurance as a first-class life; when his strange and sudden death took place, the physician who directed the post-mortem examination described him as 'a strong, well-nourished, healthy-looking man, powerful, well-developed.'

The rooms occupied at Claverton Street were a sitting-room and bedroom on the first floor, communicating by folding doors. When Mr. Bartlett took them he stipulated with the landlord, Mr. Doggett, that a second bed should be provided.

Here, during October and November 1885, the ordinary course of life was that Mr. Bartlett would go off to business about half-past eight each morning, and return to dinner at six. Three or four times a week Mr. Dyson would come, often as early as nine o'clock, and spend the day with Mrs. Bartlett, lunching with her and occasionally taking her out, and sometimes stopping to dinner.

Early in December Mr. Bartlett complained of not being well, and on the 10th he called in Dr. Leach, a general practitioner, whom the Bartletts did not know, but who was sent for because he lived quite near.

He found the patient in extreme nervousness and great prostration. There was severe diarrhœa, with indications of hæmorrhage from the bowels. The pulse was feeble, the breath very offensive, and when the mouth was examined and some teeth extracted the condition of the gums at once suggested that he had taken an excessive dose of mercury.

This, of course, excited suspicion, and he was asked to account for it. He gave the incredible explanation that he had taken a pill at haphazard out of a box which he found at one of his shops.

Later on that day his father saw him and found him in bed and appearing dazed as if by a narcotic, complaining of pain in his head and very unwilling to talk.

A few days later he was much worse. He suffered much from sleeplessness and mental depression ; had fits of crying, and thought he was going to die. And he told Dr. Leach that his friends and relations were not kind to his wife, and wanted him to let them send in a doctor of their own choosing.

His wife then said in his presence, 'Doctor, Mr. Bartlett's friends will accuse me of poisoning him if he does not get better.' Dr. Leach said, 'By all means have a consultation ; as many as you like.' He said, 'No, I will not have a consultation in the ordinary sense of the term ; I will not see anyone they send. I will see any gentleman you choose to bring to see me once. I am getting better than I was. I will not submit to any other treatment, but I will see any gentleman once. I do this for the protection of my wife.'

Thereupon Dr. Leach called in Dr. Dudley, a physician who lived near, who was an absolute stranger to the Bartletts. He found Mr. Bartlett in a very depressed condition, complaining of sleeplessness, and saying that he had been overworked mentally and bodily. But he found no signs of disease, and when he had finished his examination he told him he was a sound man ; prescribed for him a sedative and a tonic, and told him he ought to sit up and go for a walk or a drive daily.

Dr. Leach could not persuade him to go out. He absolutely refused, and said he liked to lie still and feel happy. When his wife asked him why he was crying, he said it was because he felt so happy.

More teeth were extracted, and his physical condition seemed improving when, on December 23, he was found to be suffering from worms. And when the appropriate remedies had been administered, it was found almost impossible to procure their removal from the system. He was certainly a most untractable patient. In the early days of his illness he had taken large doses of bromide, and he declared they were stimulants. And morphia, even when injected, seemed to have little effect. Now the strongest purgatives were quite useless. Dr. Leach administered

santonine with a little confection of senna, followed by a draught of sulphate of soda and Urwick's extract. That failed. Then came a fairly strong purgative of Epsom salts. Then two globules of croton oil. Then hot tea and coffee. Then the distracted doctor galvanised the abdomen. All this was on one day, December 26. All the purgatives failed, and this amazing patient declared that the croton oil pills were warm and pleasant, comforting to the stomach. The doctor gave it up in despair, and did not come near him for two days. Then, on the 28th, he came back and found there had been some very slight improvement, and made another effort with a purgative draught.

On this December 26, a Saturday, Mr. Dyson came back from a Christmas visit to his family, and spent several hours of the afternoon at Claverton Street. The next day he came up from Putney again, after his evening service, and stayed an hour or two with Mr. Bartlett. The sick man seemed almost to have given up hope of recovery. He asked Mr. Dyson if he thought it possible for a man to be weaker than he was without passing away, but he did not appear to be cast down by the prospect of death.

That Sunday evening a strange conversation took place. When Mr. Dyson arrived at Claverton Street he met Mrs. Bartlett at the door. She was going out to post some letters, and they went together to the post-office. During their walk Mrs. Bartlett told him that she wanted some chloroform to soothe her husband and give him sleep. She said she had used it before, sprinkling it on a handkerchief, and that it was volatile and quickly used, and she would want a medicine bottle full. And she gave him a sovereign to pay for it.

On the following day the young minister busied himself in obtaining the chloroform. He went to several chemists in the neighbourhood of Putney, two of them being members of his congregation, and saying that he wanted it to take out grease stains from his coat, at each of four shops he obtained an ounce of pure chloroform. This he put into a medicine bottle, upon which he pasted the label, 'Chloroform, Poison,' which he took off one of the smaller bottles.

The next day, Tuesday, the 29th, he went again to Claverton Street, and found Mr. Bartlett apparently better, up and dressed and talking to a visitor. He went for a stroll on the Embankment with Mrs. Bartlett, and gave her the chloroform. That afternoon, when they had returned from their walk and were with

Mr. Bartlett in the sitting-room, Mrs. Bartlett told him that friends were saying unkind things about her—that she was not giving her husband full nursing attendance. In fact, he had heard from Mr. Bartlett, and had seen from her appearance and manner, that it was not unlikely that she would break down under the strain of a constant attendance on the invalid which had not for a fortnight allowed her a proper night's rest. The bed which Mr. Bartlett occupied had been moved into the sitting-room, and such rest as his wife could have was taken on a sofa in that room. When she spoke of the unkind things that friends were saying Mr. Dyson said that it would be better, in the eyes of the world, if she had a nurse with her. She resented the suggestion, and said angrily 'Then you do not trust me,' and Mr. Bartlett interposed, 'Oh yes, you may trust her. If you had twelve years' experience of her, as I have, you would know you could trust her.'

The next day Mr. Dyson apologised to Mrs. Bartlett for the suggestion which had wounded her. But among those of whom she spoke as friends there was one in whose distrust there was a deep vein of animosity and suspicion, and whose hostility she had lately quickened by a reminder of his accusation made and retracted seven years before.

One of the letters which she posted when out with Mr. Dyson 'on the Sunday evening (the 27th) was addressed to her father-in-law :

'Sunday night.

'DEAR MR. BARTLETT,—I hear that you are a little disturbed because Edwin has been too ill to see you. I wish, if possible, to be friends with you, but you must place yourself on the same footing as other persons—that is to say, you are welcome here when I invite you, and at no other time. You seem to forget that I have not been in bed for thirteen days, and consequently am too tired to speak to visitors. I am sorry to speak so plainly, but I wish you to understand that I have neither forgotten or forgiven the past. Edwin will be pleased to see you on Monday evening any time after six.'

The visit invited by that letter was duly paid.

Mr. Bartlett went to Claverton Street on Monday evening, and found the invalid lying in his dressing-gown on his little iron bed, apparently much better, and presently walking about the

room and talking of being able to go into the country in the following week. He spent a couple of hours there; was, he said at the trial, on the best of terms with Mrs. Bartlett, and as usual kissed her at parting.

It was the last time he saw his son alive. The next two days passed without incident, but on the Thursday, the last day of the year, Mr. Bartlett was taken in the afternoon to have yet another tooth extracted. The dentist had already paid three visits to Claverton Street and had, using cocaine to dull the sense of pain, removed three teeth and extracted eleven roots. On this day Mr. Bartlett was carefully wrapped up, and his wife and Dr. Leach took him in a cab to the dentist's to have another tooth taken out. He dreaded the operation, and Dr. Leach, who said in his deposition that 'on the 29th, 30th, and 31st the jaw symptoms became alarming,' did not tell him of the appointment with the dentist until they were just going to start. On their way Mrs. Bartlett talked about their happy marriage, and then, as always, tried to keep up his spirits.

This time Dr. Leach, with some difficulty, administered nitrous oxide gas and the tooth was extracted. Then it was noticed that in the whole socket of each of the four teeth that had been removed the bone was decayed. And in Mr. Bartlett's hearing the dentist said to Dr. Leach 'This looks very much like necrosis setting in.' Dr. Leach made no observation upon this, and left them, promising to call at Claverton Street the following day.

That evening—it was New Year's Eve—Mr. Bartlett seemed better and more cheerful; he had some oysters and bread and butter and cake for a tea-supper; he said the worst was over and he thought he would get better; and he talked about the visit to Torquay which Dr. Leach had advised; and when the supper things were being cleared away he told the maid that he should like a large haddock for breakfast the next morning, and should get up an hour earlier at the thought of having it.

About half-past ten that night the servant took up some coals to the sitting-room, and was told that nothing more would be wanted. The Doggetts had some friends with them who had come to see the old year out and the new year in, and they stayed until half an hour after midnight. Until about four o'clock the house was silent. Then Mrs. Bartlett was knocking at the door of the servant's bedroom: 'Alice, I want you to go for Dr. Leach. I think Mr. Bartlett is dead.' Then she called Mr. Doggett.

The maid went off at once, and very soon Dr. Leach, the Doggetts, and the maid were in the room where the dead man lay. There was no doubt that he had been dead for two or three hours, for the body was quite cold. The eyes were closed, the expression of the face was natural ; there was no sign anywhere of any convulsion or struggle ; no smell could be detected at the lips ; but on the chest there was a slight moisture, smelling of brandy, as if someone had tried to pour brandy into the dead man's mouth.

When the doctor pronounced him dead, Mrs. Bartlett burst out crying bitterly. Her account of what had happened was given at once. She said that she heard the friends of the Doggetts leaving and the locking of the street door, and that then Mr. Bartlett was asleep and she was sitting in the easy-chair in which she always slept, beside his feet, with her left arm round his foot. She said she woke and heard him snoring, but with a peculiar sort of snore—a stertorous breathing—but as it was not unusual for him to snore she dropped asleep again. Then, later on, she woke up with cramp in her arm, and found that he had turned partly over and was lying in an uncomfortable position with his face buried in the pillow. She then rose from her chair, and went towards his head to turn him into a better position. She was alarmed at his condition, and tried to rouse him. She found him cold. She rubbed his chest and applied brandy ; then, finding that useless, ran up and called the servant. A little later she left off crying and said ‘What can he be dead of, doctor ?’ Dr. Leach answered, ‘I don’t know,’ and asked if he could have got prussic acid. ‘Oh no,’ she said ; ‘he could have got at no poison without my knowledge.’ And other suggestions of the doctor as to digitalis or other alkaloids which he might have obtained or had by him she promptly negatived.

With these doubts in his mind, Dr. Leach carefully searched the room for anything which could throw light on this mysterious death. And he was joined in the search by Mr. Doggett, who curiously enough was the Registrar of births and deaths for the district, and who saw at once the necessity for a close examination.

The head of the bed was close to the corner of the mantel-shelf, so near that anyone lying in the bed could by slightly rising and stretching out an arm reach anything which stood upon the shelf. At this corner stood a wineglass, three-quarters full of brandy, but having also, Mr. Doggett thought, a smell of ether or some other drug. On the same shelf, or on a small stand,

but in either case out of reach of the bed, was a small bottle labelled 'chlorodyne.' Nothing else which could be of importance was found in the room, although a cupboard was opened and searched. No bottle of chloroform was discovered; there certainly was no such bottle on the mantel-shelf when Dr. Leach and Mr. Doggett were making their search.

There was no clue to the mystery, and Dr. Leach said that without a post-mortem examination it was impossible to say what was the cause of death. Thereupon the widow was urgent that the examination should be made at once. 'Spare no expense,' she said, 'get any assistance you want; we are all interested in knowing the cause of death.' So Dr. Leach telegraphed to Dr. Green, an eminent pathologist of St. Thomas's Hospital, asking him to come that afternoon. He could not do so, and Mrs. Bartlett urged that somebody else might be found. She chafed at even a day's delay, but it was unavoidable, and it was arranged that Dr. Green should come on the following day, bringing an assistant with him, and that Dr. Leach and Dr. Dudley should be there to meet them.

As soon as it was possible telegrams were sent off to Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Baxter, and Mr. Dyson, and the wife's prediction that if her husband died his friends would say that she had poisoned him was soon fulfilled.

In the course of the morning her father-in-law arrived. When he afterwards gave evidence he said 'I saw him lying on the couch, and I went and kissed him and smelt his mouth. I thought he might have been poisoned with prussic acid, and I smelt to find it, and I did not detect any smell of the kind. I said "We must have a post-mortem examination; this cannot pass."' Suspicious of the doctors, he said he would have another to attend the post-mortem examination, and, refusing Dr. Leach's offer to find one, he engaged Dr. Cheyne, who came from a distant neighbourhood and was a stranger to all the persons concerned.

The next afternoon the four doctors met, and while they were making their examination the relatives and partner and Mr. Dyson waited in a room below. When they were summoned upstairs Mrs. Bartlett put her arm round her father-in-law's neck and said 'My dear father, do not fret; it shall make no odds to you. I will never see you want. It shall be just the same as if Edwin were alive.'

Dr. Leach announced the result of the examination:

'We have very carefully examined the body of the deceased, and we are unable to discover any pathological lethal cause—that is to say, any natural or obvious cause—of death. The contents of the stomach are suspicious and we have preserved them.' Then he added that the contents of the stomach had a pungent odour, and that Dr. Green suggested chloroform; and that the rooms were to be locked and sealed and handed over to the coroner.

It had been clear from the first that an inquest must be held, and probably Mr. Wood, Mrs. Bartlett's solicitor, had told her that she could not remain at the rooms, for her bag, ready packed, was on a table, and her cloak beside it.

But someone said she must not be allowed to take the bag. And a question was raised about the cloak. But Mr. Bartlett said she could take that—he would be answerable for that, he had searched it and found it had no pockets.

So he gave her the cloak, and kissed her and said good-bye, and she went off to stay with a friend at Dulwich.

Strangely enough, no one suggested that the bag should be opened and the contents inspected. Still more strange was it that no search was ever made either of the bag or of the drawers in the bedroom. So, when four days later Mrs. Bartlett again had access to the rooms she found the bottle of chloroform where she had placed it, and taking it with her on her return to East Dulwich, she poured the chloroform on the railway line and threw the bottle away into a pond on Peckham Rye. Mr. Dyson went with her to Dulwich when she left Claverton Street on the day of the post-mortem examination, and asked her if she had used the chloroform he got for her. 'No,' she said, 'I have not used it. I have had no occasion to use it. The bottle is there as you gave it me.' When he pressed her she said he must not worry her about it, as it was a very critical time with her, and he must put away from his mind the fact that he had given her the chloroform. The next morning Mr. Dyson was going to preach at Tooting, and he put in his pocket the four bottles in which the chloroform had been purchased, and as he crossed Wandsworth Common he threw them away at different places on the Common.

The following day there was an angry scene between him and Mrs. Bartlett at East Dulwich. He was anxious to get back some verses he had given her, which, according to his evidence at the trial, Mr. Bartlett had read. They were given back to

him, torn in pieces, but Mrs. Bartlett had copied them or learned them by heart, and I committed one verse to memory in case it should be necessary to deal with him as a hostile witness. The lines were :

‘ Who is it that hath burst the door,
Unclosed the heart that shut before,
And set her queen-like on its throne,
And made its homage all her own ?—
My Birdie.’

They were not quoted in court. Allowance being made for the difficulty of his position he gave his evidence fairly, and I thought it better not to treat him as hostile, and possibly excite some sympathy for him, but to dwell upon his affection for Mrs. Bartlett and his expectation of Mr. Bartlett’s early death and of their speedy marriage. The thought came into every mind, and may have had much to do with the result of the trial, that it was strange indeed that this young pastor, acquitted and safe, should be the chief witness against the woman whose love he had gained and returned, and who, if she indeed committed the crime, did so for his sake and by the means with which he had provided her. On the third day of the inquest, the 11th February, when Mrs. Bartlett had been invited to give evidence and had refused to do so, Mr. Dyson had been called.

He told the whole story, and when he came to relate the conversations with Mrs. Bartlett after her husband’s death, a great sensation was caused by his saying that she asked him not to mention the chloroform, and said ‘If you do not incriminate me, you may be perfectly sure I will not incriminate you.’

After this evidence, to which Mrs. Bartlett had listened with perfect composure, the jury expressed their opinion that she should be taken into custody, and she was at once arrested and was brought up the next day at Bow Street Police Court, and there from time to time remanded to prison.

The inquest closed on February 18 with a verdict of wilful murder against Mrs. Bartlett, and the jury found that George Dyson was an accessory before the fact.

‘A very painful scene,’ *The Times* said, ‘took place in the crowded court on the verdict being delivered. The Rev. Mr. Dyson sank into a chair almost fainting, his Wesleyan friends,

especially several ministers, standing round him in a sad and sympathetic manner.

'After the lapse of a few minutes Mr. Dyson became calmer, and he was taken into custody by Inspector Marshall, who received the coroner's warrant.'

At the inquest, and afterwards at the trial, Dr. Leach gave an account of a very remarkable conversation which he had on January 26 with Mrs. Bartlett.

She came to consult him about her own health, but in the course of the interview related, with greater fullness than before, the particulars of what passed on the night of her husband's death.

She said that after the death of her child the platonic relations which had previously existed between them were resumed with his full consent. He was kind to her and studied her wishes, and they lived on the most amicable terms.

He liked to surround her with male acquaintances, and the more attention and admiration she gained from them the more delighted did he appear. 'Then,' she said, 'we became acquainted with Mr. Dyson. My husband threw us together. He requested us to kiss each other in his presence, and gave me to Mr. Dyson.' She went on to say that at a later period her husband wished to renew the marital relation which had been so long suspended, and that she said to him 'Edwin, you know you have given me to Mr. Dyson; it is not right that you should now do what during all the years of our married life you have not done.' He agreed that she was right, but in December, when he seemed to be getting better, he became very urgent, and she obtained a supply of chloroform, so that she could at any time protect herself by sprinkling some on a handkerchief and thereby soothing him to sleep.

She had not, she said, had occasion thus to use it, and on the last night of the year, when he was in bed and all was quiet, she was troubled in mind by the thought that it might be wrong of her to use the chloroform, and she got the bottle and gave it to him and told him for what purpose she had procured it. He was not cross, but they talked seriously and amicably; he put the bottle on the corner of the mantelpiece by the side of his bed and turned on his side pretending to sleep.

Then he described her sleeping and being disturbed and going to sleep again, exactly as she had told it when Dr. Leach and Mr.

Doggett had come in and found him dead. She said that when the doctor was sent for the bottle of chloroform was still on the corner of the mantel-shelf, and that at breakfast time she took it away and put it into a drawer in the back room.

This latter statement Dr. Leach emphatically contradicted. He and Mr. Doggett were both positive that when they first went into the room and sought for a clue to the cause of death there was no bottle at the corner of the mantel-shelf, nothing but the wineglass partly filled with brandy.

The story which has now been related was told and re-told, with needless reiteration, at four adjournments of the coroner's inquest and at seven hearings by the magistrate at Bow Street, and it was not until March 21 that the accused were committed to take their trial at the Central Criminal Court for wilful murder.

The evidence of the medical experts had made it quite clear that Mr. Bartlett had died through swallowing liquid chloroform.

As early as February 20, I had been retained by Mr. Wood for the defence of Mrs. Bartlett, and I had, of course, carefully studied the evidence given before the coroner and the police magistrate, which had been very fully reported in the daily newspapers.

My brief was delivered on Monday, April 5, and the trial was fixed for that day week.

It was a time of great political activity. Thursday the 8th had been fixed for the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill. Lord Hartington and Sir Henry James had refused to join the new Government, Mr. Chamberlain had joined it and very soon resigned; almost every day brought the resignation of some subordinate Minister; and the air was full of rumours of combinations and concessions, and of the probability that a General Election would follow the impending defeat of the Government.

I shut myself off entirely from Parliament and the Law Courts, and devoted myself to studying at the British Museum, or in my own library, the chief medical authorities upon the action and administration of chloroform. Meanwhile the public interest in the case rose to an extraordinary pitch.

The claims or solicitations for admission to the court were so many that one of the principal doors was blocked up by rows of seats built in the passage way, and special tickets of admission were issued by the sheriffs.

When the court sat on the morning of April 12 every seat was filled, and in the Old Bailey crowds were vainly seeking admission.

Mr. Justice Wills came to try the case. Sir Charles Russell, the Attorney-General, led for the prosecution, with Mr. Poland, Mr. R. S. Wright (afterwards Mr. Justice Wright), and Mr. Moloney as his juniors. Sir Frank Lockwood and Mr. Charles Mathews appeared for Mr. G. Dyson, and I led for the defence of Mrs. Bartlett, and was most ably assisted by Mr. Frederick Mead and Mr. Edward Beal.

The first incident in the trial was a startling one, and was undoubtedly of great advantage to me in my defence of my client.

An application being made that the two prisoners should be tried separately, the Attorney-General announced that he and the counsel with him had, after anxious and careful consideration, come to the conclusion that there was no case to be submitted to the jury on which they could properly be asked to convict Mr. Dyson.

A verdict of not guilty was at once taken in his case, and he was released from custody.

The advantage to me was obvious. Having admitted that he was innocent the Attorney-General could not help calling him as a witness, and so offering him for my cross-examination.

That would not be hostile, but friendly and sympathetic, for the more closely I could associate his actions with those of Mrs. Bartlett, the more I should strengthen the instinctive reluctance of the jury to send her to the hangman's cord while he passed unrebuked to freedom.

Nor was that the only advantage which I gained on that first day. The first witness called was Edwin Bartlett, the father. He had nothing very material to say that told against the prisoner. Indeed, he bore witness to the affection and confidence that existed between herself and her husband, and the unsparing devotion with which she had nursed him in his illness.

But everything he said that could tell in her favour was greatly strengthened, and everything against her greatly weakened, by the betrayal in the tone and aspect of his evidence of a sordid and vindictive malice against her. He wanted to dispute the will by which she inherited her husband's money, and although he knew the witnesses were in court to say they saw it executed, declared he did not believe the signature to be his son's, and he revived and

persisted in maintaining the charge against her which he had withdrawn and apologised for eight years before. I am not sure whether the innocence of George Dyson or the malice of Edwin Bartlett was the more useful topic of my speech.

The facts which have been already narrated were given in evidence by twenty-four witnesses, and about those facts there was little or no controversy.

The crucial point of the case was reached when Dr. Stevenson and Dr. Meymott Tidy came into the box. They were both men of high character and reputation, and were probably the best authorities then living upon the qualities of chloroform and the methods and effects of its administration, and their evidence was given with admirable fairness and caution.

It is impossible to summarise evidence of a technical kind, which occupied several hours, and fills twenty-nine pages of the printed report of the trial.

But having regard to the fact that the suggestion of the prosecution was that Mrs. Bartlett administered the chloroform by inhalation and then, having thus procured partial or complete insensibility, poured into the mouth the fatal dose, it is possible to quote the answers which bore directly upon that point. I quote first from the examination of Dr. Stevenson by Sir Charles Russell.

'Is it possible to produce a state of insensibility by inhalation during sleep?—Yes.

'Have you done that yourself?—No.

'Have you known it done?—I know many instances in which it has been done, but I never did it myself.

'Have you any doubt that it can be done?—None whatever.

'That is, when a person is in a state of sleep giving it with a bottle or a handkerchief?—Yes, if the person is soundly asleep.

'Is it, or is it not, according to your experience, possible to put liquid down the throat of a person who is insensible, in the sense of being unconscious, but still having the sense of feeling?—Yes, you can put liquid down the throat of a person who is fairly moderately under the influence of chloroform—I mean under the influence of inhaled chloroform.

'Will you just explain a little more fully, if you please. Assuming the liquid to be contained in an ordinary medicine bottle, would there be any difficulty in putting it down the throat of a person in the condition of insensibility?—Not any insuperable difficulty.'

The cross-examination of Dr. Stevenson was long and full of detail, and started by eliciting the fact that although there had been many murders by poisons well known to medical science—prussic acid and strychnine and poisons of that class—there was no recorded case of murder by the administration of liquid chloroform.

Then I carefully and gradually made my way, until I felt I could venture to ask him the crucial question.

‘Now suppose you had to deal with a sleeping man and it was your object to get down his throat, without his knowing it, a liquid, the administration of which to the lips or throat would cause great pain, do you not agree it would be a very difficult or delicate operation?—I think it would be an operation which would often fail, and might often succeed.

‘Would you look on it as a delicate operation?—I should look on it as a delicate operation, because I should be afraid of pouring it down the windpipe.

‘That is one of the dangers you would contemplate?—Yes.

‘If it got into the windpipe there would be spasmodic action of the muscles, would there not?

‘At the stage when you had come to the conclusion that you could do it, when there is insensibility or partial insensibility, the rejection of the liquid by the windpipe would be probably less active than when the patient was awake. If the patient got into such a state of insensibility as not to reject it, it would go down his windpipe and burn that?

‘Probably some might go down his windpipe. If it did not it would leave its traces. I should expect to find traces unless the patient lived some hours.

‘Of course a great many post-mortem appearances are changed if the patient lives some hours?—Yes.

‘Not only by the chloroform disappearing, so to speak, but also other changes incidental to a post-mortem condition?—Yes.

‘And if the post-mortem examination had been performed, as Mrs. Bartlett wished it to be, on the very day on which death took place, there would have been still better opportunity of determining cause of death?—Yes.’

These questions and answers closed the cross-examination. Dr. Meymott Tidy was not examined at great length, and his evidence certainly did not strengthen the case for the prosecution.

Almost immediately after he left the witness-box the case for the prosecution was closed and I addressed the jury for the defence.

My speech, which lasted for six hours, may be read in full else-

where, and cannot be rightly judged unless so read, but a few passages should be quoted to show how the case which the jury had to decide was set before them by the prisoner's counsel.

This is how I stated the question :

'You are asked to believe that a woman who for years had lived in friendship and affection with her husband, who during the whole time of his illness had striven to tend him, to nurse him, and to help him ; who had tended him by day, who had sacrificed her own rest to watch over him at night, had spent night after night without going to her restful bed, simply giving to herself sleep at the bottom of his couch that she might be ready by him to comfort him by her presence ; who had called doctors, who had taken all the pains that the most tender and affectionate nurse possibly could, that by no possibility any chance should be lost of the doctors ascertaining what his trouble was and having the quickest means to cure it ; that woman who had watched over him, had tried to cheer him, had talked of going away, had talked lightly when they were before the doctor in order to give spirits to that husband—you are asked to imagine that that woman on New Year's Eve was suddenly transformed into a murderess committing crime, not only without excuse but absolutely without any object : you are asked to believe that by a sort of inspiration she succeeds in committing that crime, by the execution of a delicate and difficult operation, an operation which would have been delicate and difficult to the highest trained doctor that the country has in it.'

Then came an elaborate examination of medical evidence, and at the close of that examination I said :

'I put to Dr. Stevenson yesterday, towards the end of my cross-examination, a question in which I ventured to sum up and repeat to him the whole result of the cross-examination which I had directed to this point.

'Consider who it was with whom we were dealing. I was dealing with that authority whose name is quoted by Taylor in his book as having made two hundred administrations of chloroform at Guy's Hospital—one who knows, if any man living does know, exactly the conditions under which chloroform may be administered, the precautions which are to accompany that administration, and the indications that will be given of the condition of the patient, and I ventured to put him this question : "With all your knowledge, experience, and skill, if you had before

you the problem—the object of administering chloroform in this liquid form in order to produce the death of a person sleeping before you—would it not be a delicate and difficult operation ? ” and Dr. Stevenson’s experience gave me back the answer that it would be. Even to him, with all his knowledge, with all his experience, it would be a difficult operation and a delicate operation.’

Apart from questions of medical science, the most anxious and difficult part of the task of Mrs. Bartlett’s counsel was the cross-examination of George Dyson.

The case rested upon his evidence as to conversations between him and the prisoner at which no one else was present, and as to which, she being unable to give evidence, contradiction or correction was impossible. To attack him as untruthful would have been impolitic. It might have aroused some sympathy for him in the minds of the jury, and have led them to believe that he had been made the innocent tool of a wicked woman. On the other hand, to accept all his statements as true would have been to admit too much.

I think the following passage from the speech was useful :

‘ I accept—may I add that I believe in ?—the correctness of the verdict which you were invited by the Crown to give, and that Mr. Dyson is free from complicity in any crime, if crime were perpetrated.

‘ But when you are being asked to deal with the case against Mrs. Bartlett, and to use against her, or allow to be used against her, with grave effect, the untruthful statements which she is said to have made, and which come to you upon Mr. Dyson’s evidence, and as he remembers, or says he remembers, has it not occurred to you in the course of this case that if matters of this kind are to have great weight, how fortunate Mr. Dyson is that he is not standing there himself ?

‘ Now, gentlemen, I beg you to note that I do not impeach his innocence in the least. I wish that no word I may say may appear to suggest—it would not be true if it did suggest—any doubt in my mind with regard to that matter. But supposing his case were before you, what would you have ?

‘ That Sunday morning he walked along the side of Tooting Common on his way to preach at a chapel, and as he went threw from him, with the gesture that you saw him use in that box, the three or four bottles that had been in his possession. Suppose someone who knew him had seen him walking along that morning

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and had seen him fling away the bottles, and had thought "It is a little odd that the Rev. Mr. Dyson should be tossing bottles away on Tooting Common on Sunday morning," and had had the curiosity to pick up a bottle and had found it labelled "Chloroform, Poison"! Suppose it had come to light, at the first meeting of the inquest, that Mr. Dyson was an habitual visitor at the house where the death had taken place: suppose it had come to light that he had been in the habit of walking out with Mrs. Bartlett, and that she had visited him at his own lodgings: suppose it came to light that the terms on which he was dealing with Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett were terms of an exceptional character, having regard to the circumstances and relations between him and his wife: and suppose it had come out by enquiry at the chemists—whose name is on the label—that when Mr. Dyson asked for the chloroform he had told him a falsehood, that he wanted it for stains on his coat—to take out stains which had come upon his coat during his holidays at Poole—what would have been Mr. Dyson's position?

'That strange, hard man, Richard Baxter, used to say that he never saw a criminal going to execution without observing to himself, "There, but for the grace of God, goes Richard Baxter." I think Mr. Dyson will never in his life read the account of a trial for murder without thinking how heavily his rash, unjustified conduct would have told against him if he had been put upon his trial.

'Gentlemen, I do not use this for the purpose of suggesting—I said I was anxious not to suggest, for I do not entertain—the slightest doubt as to the innocence of Mr. Dyson; but I do use it to show you that where against him, an innocent man, a falsehood told for the express purpose of getting this poison might have been proved in the witness-box, and might have been considered by the jury with so fatal an effect, it would be hard indeed that the statements from the lips of that very man, that Mrs. Bartlett told him a story that was not wholly true, to explain her desiring to possess this chloroform through him—it would be strange indeed if that were allowed to weigh upon your minds as a serious element of suspicion against her.'

The detailed examination of the evidence is too long for insertion here, and could not properly be judged by extracts, but I may be allowed to quote the closing passage of the speech:

'I have now, I think—I hope I have to the best of my ability—dealt with the topics in this case, and to you the responsibility will shortly pass. I do not desire to touch you, or to influence

your judgment, by anything more than a reasonable and fair appeal to you as to the conclusions formed on the evidence before you ; but it has not been possible for me to discharge during these days the duty which I have been honoured to bear, without a deepening feeling of intensest interest in the result of this case.

'This woman has not had the happiest of lives. She has been described to you as one who had no friends.

'She found a friend in Mrs. Matthews ; she found another friend in continuing the acquaintance of the nurse who was called before you ; but beyond that we know of no friends, and the habits of her husband's life left her much alone. There is no hint of wrong or misconduct on her part at any time of the association of husband and wife, except the trivial and malignant invention of that witness who came first. She had no friends in the sense that has been mentioned, but she had one friend—her husband. He did stand by her, strange as his ideas may have been, disordered as, it would seem from some things that have been said, his intellect in some respects must have been. Witness the statements that were made by him, for instance, to Dr. Leach. Yet still in his strange way he stood by her and he protected her. He was affectionate in manner, and when her reputation was assailed he defended it as only the husband could defend it. And to her at this moment it may seem most strange that he to whom she had given this persistent affection, even during the years of such a life, should be the one of whose foul murder she now stands accused.

'And if he himself could know what passed among us here, how strange, how sorrowful, it might seem to him ! how strange that such an accusation should have been tried in court, in spite of the efforts which he endeavoured to make to prevent it, the precaution which perhaps, by his own rash and despairing act, he too completely defeated !

'Gentlemen, that husband too is gone, but she is not left without a friend ; she will find that friend here to-day in the spirit which guides your judgment and clears your eyes upon this case.

'It is a great responsibility for men to be called suddenly from their business and their pleasures, and to be shut off as you have been from the ordinary habits of your life to decide upon issues of life and death. There are trivial incidents sometimes about the conduct of every case, but we, the ministers of the Law, are ministers of justice, and I believe that as a case like this goes on from day to day there comes into your hearts a deep desire, which is itself a prayer, that the spirit of justice may be among us, and may guide and strengthen each one to fulfil his part. That invocation is never in vain.

'The spirit of justice is in this court to-day, to comfort and protect her in the hour of her utmost need.

'It has strengthened, I hope, my voice; it will, I trust, clear your eyes and guide your judgment.

'It will speak in calm and measured tones when my lord deals with the evidence which aroused suspicion, and also with the evidence which I hope and believe has demolished and destroyed that suspicion, and that spirit will speak in firm and unfaltering voice when your verdict tells to the whole world that in your judgment Adelaide Bartlett is Not Guilty.'

The Attorney-General replied, and then there came a summing-up by the judge, which was so carefully balanced in its treatment of the evidence which told for or told against the prisoner that, except for one ambiguous sentence, it contained nothing which indicated his own opinion as to the verdict which should be given.

The closing scenes of the trial were described in a brilliant article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 19, 1886, the authorship of which I have tried in vain to discover.

'THE LAST ACT OF THE DRAMA.

'The curtain has at last fallen on the last act of one of the most painful dramas that has ever been enacted on the blood-stained stage of the Old Bailey. The jury have returned their verdict, and the poor woman who has been the central figure in the tragedy is free to go her own way. To judge from the demonstrative enthusiasm which was displayed at the Old Bailey the verdict was popular, if one may use the word. There will doubtless be many differences of opinion as to its propriety by a scrutinising and censorious world, but anyone who has followed the case must feel that this friendless creature, in the last four months, during the inquest, in the police-court, and in the final chamber of the law, must have suffered the agonies of death many times over. Death should now for her have few terrors. The Pimlico poisoning case will be recorded in our criminal archives as one of unique interest. The history of the watching hours of that New Year's Eve can never be known. It began a mystery, and a mystery it remains. The jury balanced probabilities against improbabilities, and weighed circumstances against circumstances, and very rightly gave the prisoner the benefit of the doubt. So we must now accept one of two hypotheses. We may believe that the dead man committed suicide in a fit of despair, or we may adopt the theory thrown out by the judge that, craving for sleep, he swallowed the chloroform as an opiate.

'No one who was in the court of the Old Bailey on Saturday is likely to forget the lucid, the impressive, and the eloquent summing-up of Judge Wills. He will remember the grave but kind voice, which rose to vehemence and sank to a whisper, which shifted from the sarcastic to the denunciatory, as he passed from one phase of the case to another, in his lengthy analysis of the evidence. The prisoner, meanwhile, sat statue-like. Mr. Clarke, with tightened lips, leaned forward, with his hand to his forehead, listening intently, as though his own life had been at stake, sometimes shifting his hand to his cheek and digging his fingers into the flesh. The judge administered severe blows as he went on, first to one and then to the other. Now he made a scornful allusion to the "ladies" who had filled the court from day to day, ladies who had listened so eagerly to the filthiest details which even those steeped in knowledge of criminal vice shrank from hearing. Now it was "Esoteric Anthropology," which he denounced as garbage. Then the "Judas-like kiss" of the man who had first smelt his dead son's lips and then saluted the dead man's wife. And so the morning went on, lunch came, the half-hour passed; the judge continued. As the afternoon grew older, and the shadows deeper, the tones of the judge seemed to increase in solemnity, until the faintest sound, the shutting of a door, the fall of a book, the scratching of a quill, became an irritant, so tense had the occasion become. The judge was no believer in colourless summings-up, and the hope for the prisoner's life now rose, now fell, as he weighed the evidence in the scale. A few minutes before three he had done his work, the jury retired, the prisoner was led away, and Babel succeeded silence, and was in full labour for an hour. The women, who now scrupled not to stand in the narrow gangways, plucked the primroses they were wearing in their impatience, and drank deep draughts from stimulating bottles.

'Suddenly the clatter of tongues ceases, and every eye is directed towards the passage on the right of the jury box. "Here they come!" cry some, and the procession of jurymen files up into the box, and they take their seats. The blanched face and the fragile figure in black staggers up the steps, almost carried by the two women warders, followed by an officer, and falls on her seat. Every head is craned towards the dock, then turns to the jury, until the intense silence is broken by the judge. The prisoner looks down, ghastly pale; her body seemed to move to and fro, her lips twitched convulsively; but these agonies were not yet to be relieved. The jury had not come to give her life or death, but merely to ask a question. It was answered. They marched solemnly with heads down, and again disappeared. The judge

retired, and again the court was a Babel like a Bourse. The prisoner was carried down the steps to undergo afresh the tortures of expectancy. Slowly the fingers of the clock went on—the quarter, the half-hour, the three-quarters, five o'clock, and the court was in deep shadow, intensified by the lights from the gas-jets of the chandeliers, which were at low pressure and showing only a small red flame. Outside the sky was black with clouds and the rain was dripping down, and one heard the peculiar low roar of the crowd in Newgate-street. Within, the insatiate crowd was growing more impatient. As the fingers of the clock pointed to five minutes past five some subtle movement at the door told that the jury had done their work. "Here they come!" was again the cry, which almost grew into a shout. "Here they come!" It was such a cry as one hears at a close finish at the Derby or the Boat-race. For some of those unsexed creatures with open mouths, with eyes starting from their head, there is no such sensation as the feeling of solemnity. All eyes were once more fixed on the twelve men who ascended to the pew-like seats with eyes down, and solemn faces as though they were following a body to the grave. Some tried to read the verdict in their faces. The judge took his seat, folding his flowing red robes about him, followed by the sheriffs, their gold chains of office and violet costumes helping to relieve the gloom. Then, once more, the terrible silence was broken by the clicking of the dock handle as it turned to give passage to the prisoner, whose face was now livid, her eyes closed, her lips glued together, and scarcely alive. Carried to the front of the dock, she was supported on each side by the faithful women, pale but composed. Two spruce doctors and the grave chaplain stood on her left, and behind her again was the sturdy policeman. The tenseness of the terrible scene was prolonged by the delay in calling over the names of the jury, and even the most hardened in criminal cases felt his pulse beat a little quicker, while many were visibly half-choked with the emotions of the critical moment.

"Do you find Adelaide Bartlett guilty or not guilty?" asked the Clerk in measured tones. "Although," and the sound of a great tumult of shouting and cheering came into the court from the crowd outside. Was the verdict communicated by some sudden signal, for the cheers were loud and furious before the verdict was given? "Although," and then, after the brief pause necessitated by the shouts, which had drowned the foreman's voice, "although we think there is the gravest suspicion attaching to the prisoner, we do not think there is sufficient evidence to show how or by whom the chloroform was administered." "Do you say the prisoner is not guilty?" asked the Clerk. "Yes,"

replied the foreman. "Hurrah, hurrah!" Handkerchiefs waved, women cried, and the breath came again. Then the crowd within took up the plaudits of the crowd without, and such a scene as has seldom been witnessed in a court of justice followed. Then the prisoner gave another gasp, the women lifted up the motionless figure in black, and in a few brief seconds the door closed behind her, for the last time, and she was once more free.

'It was a sad picture to think of this creature, and her future in the world which was once more open to her, the woman who had lived without friends, except the man of whose murder she had just been acquitted. However, some Good Samaritan, a pretty girl, who had sat through the coroner's investigations at her side, made her way dauntless through the pound-like dock and followed her. The judge thanked the jury, and there was a rush for the doors. In the gloomy yard which lies between the frowning walls of Newgate and the courts of justice carriages were waiting to take up some of those semi-asphyxiated ladies who came down the steps leading from the court to the yard, with their limbs evidently still quivering from their pleasurable excitement. "It is all over now. When shall we drink such another draught?" For a few minutes the crowd lingered within the gates, the men smoking, the women laughing and chatting, in hopes of catching another glimpse of the quarry as it was carried away, like a deer after the chase. But it was in vain; and gradually they passed through the doorway into the street thick with humanity. The crowd beat up against the Old Bailey like waves against a rock-bound coast. Having shouted itself hoarse, it waited restlessly the exit of Mr. Clarke, who was to have a volley of salvos. The rain was drizzling down, but the crowd minded it not. They lined the street from Newgate to its outlet into Ludgate-hill. From every window heads were craned out; already the papers were selling the result, or rather the verdict, and the air was thick with Mrs. Bartlett's name. As one walked along from Newgate to Charing-Cross, almost everyone was bending over his paper, and one heard Mrs. Bartlett's name on every tongue. And so the day ended.'

The story may fitly close with the letter which Mrs. Bartlett sent me a few days later :

'April 24.

'DEAR SIR,—Forgive me for not earlier expressing my heartfelt gratitude to you. I feel that I owe my life to your earnest efforts, and though I cannot put into words the feelings that fill my heart, *you* will understand all that my pen fails to express to you.

'Your kind looks towards me cheered me very much, for I felt that you believed me innocent.

'I have heard many eloquent Jesuits preach, but I never listened to anything finer than your speech.

'My story was a very painful one, but sadly true; my consent to my marriage was not asked, and I only saw my husband once before my wedding-day.

'I am much gratified that Dr. Stevenson has written to say that he concurs in the verdict; he wrote so kindly of Miss Wood, who has been a true friend.

'I received great kindness at Clerkenwell, from the Governor to the lowest.

'Assuring you that I shall ever remember you with feelings of deepest gratitude, I am, sincerely yours,

'ADELAIDE BARTLETT.'

THE ROMANCE OF A FORGOTTEN SEAMAN.

THERE are few educated Englishmen who could not tell you a good deal about Walter Raleigh, John Hawkins, Francis Drake : something perhaps about Howard of Effingham, Richard Grenville (none too accurately), Lord Thomas Howard, and perhaps even Essex. But I wonder how many remember the very name of George Fennar, still less his doings, though here was one who ranks higher as true seaman than any in the list above except Hawkins and Drake. For Raleigh, seaman somewhat by instinct, was none by profession—an inspired venturer and idealist, the magic of whose name comes to us not from his knowledge of the ropes ; Howard of Effingham, something more than a figurehead to the Great Fleet, to be sure, but in reality a Field Marshal gone to sea ; Richard Grenville, a dauntless, reckless Devonshire gentleman put upon a quarter-deck ; Essex, as incompetent at sea as he was on land (save for that once in his sally ashore at Cadiz) ; and even Lord Thomas Howard, sent on board ship after he had been at Cambridge, young enough, no doubt, to take in more seamanship than most of the others, and with great gifts as a leader and an Admiral, yet not a sailor all his days. They did grand things, to be sure, these soldiers on board ship. It had been England's way—but since it was the way of all other countries it mattered less—to manage her naval affairs thus from the days of Sir Walter de Masny at Sluys, with his drawbridge gangways for his soldiers, borrowed from the Romans at Minturnæ, down to the day when brave old Monk in his battle with the Dutch must shout the order 'right wheel,' to the delight of the sailors. But already before that by a full hundred years, the English mind had begun to grasp the idea that a Tarpaulin sailor, as they came to be called, might be a more useful man on board a ship, when daring seamanship was needed, than even the best of soldiers. And George Fennar, one of the greatest English seamen even of the days of Elizabeth, was one of these Tarpaulin sailors who helped to establish the idea.

He was a Sussex man, born, it is believed, in Chichester, whence others of the Fennar family also seem to have come. For Admiral Thomas Fennar, his cousin, and a seaman with a record almost

as good as his own, besides two others, Edward and William,¹ cousins or brothers, each of whom held a command against the Armada, are claimed for the same town. Chichester, indeed, like such ports as Sandwich, Rye, Winchelsea, Bideford, and scores of others, could, in a day when a ship of 200 tons was still a big ship, such as any seaman should be ready to cross the Line upon, hold her own as a seaport and a nursery of sea-folk and ships good enough for anything they would be likely to meet upon the high seas. As a training ground for sailors these small ports were the making of our sea power in the days of sailing-ships.

No one troubled to write the biography of such a man as George Fennar—little known to society and Court. Indeed, the only court we ever find him in was one which was held upon him for his buccaneering practices in his later days. And his life, except during some of his most noted sea doings, is full of gaps which can only be filled by conjecture. Thus in his youth we only hear vaguely of some voyage to the Gold Coast, and he hardly comes before us till 1566, the year of his highest achievement, when we find him in command of an expedition to—well, it is a little difficult to say where, and perhaps he hardly knew himself. But it is evident that before such a command as that was given to a man he must have served a long apprenticeship to the things of the sea, and to 'merchant venture'—a polite way of describing the semi-piratical roving in which Englishmen who had any spare cash, from Elizabeth downwards, were wont to invest their savings. In which of the many such he may have taken part before he exchanged the fore-castle for the quarter-deck we can only vaguely guess. The names of the rank and file or of the petty officers who learnt their seamanship in these adventures are, of course, not known to us save by rare exceptions.

He may have shared the fascinating voyages of Drake or (and this is most likely) the less reputable, but not less seamanlike, sea raids of John Hawkins. For it is in direct connection with the name of Hawkins that George Fennar first won his fame. In 1566 John Hawkins was fitting out an expedition, intended, so said common report, for the Indies. De Silva, the Spanish Ambassador, had strict orders to keep an eye on the proceedings of 'Achines'—and small wonder. If Achines was fitting out an expedition it was ground enough for Silva to assume (nor was he

¹ A letter from Drake makes William (who died of wounds in 1591) the brother of George.

wrong) that it meant mischief against Spain. Wherefore Elizabeth—who probably held no shares that time—at Silva's protest, sent for Hawkins and kept the expedition at home. Now it is uncertain whether there was also another expedition which George Fennar was to command, or whether all that happened was that the command of the Hawkins venture was made over to Fennar. Anyhow, in that same year of 1566, the latter, after entering into bond not to do aught to injure the privileges of the King of Spain in the Indies, duly sets forth with the exact number of ships which Hawkins was to have taken. A coincidence, to say the least.

Bound then for nowhere in particular, except perhaps the coast of Guinea, as he seemed to say, he left Plymouth under bond (signed October 28, 1566) in the last days of the month, and shortly found himself off Santiago in the Cape de Verde Islands. Whatever doubt he may have had about his own intentions the Spaniards certainly had none, for that very night, as his little division lay at anchor off the port, a Spanish force fell upon him in a surprise attack, and he and his ships barely escaped by cutting their cables. To which same cutting of cables came a sequel. For, a day or two later, when George Fennar was cruising alone off the Azores in his single ship, *The Castle of Comfort*, and following a Spanish ship with the quite innocent intention—so he declared—of 'trying to borrow a cable,' he was suddenly fallen on by three Portuguese ships, a galleon of 400 tons and two caravels. The English sailor put up a big fight which lasted till darkness—early darkness at that time of year—came on. Three separate attacks were beaten off by the English guns before the respite came. At dawn the ships were still in touch, and the Portuguese were reinforced by two fresh caravels—making odds of five to one. But by superb gunnery the little English craft held her own and so mauled her opponents that they drew off for a while and so let *The Castle of Comfort* slip. By universal consent of naval historians from then to now this was the first revelation of great English gunnery such as has come down in long tradition to the days of the Jutland fight. It was indeed a foretaste of Sir Richard Grenville's action in the *Revenge* nearly thirty years later. And though it lacks some of the dramatic circumstance of that immortal fight, yet it more than holds its own with it on the grounds of seamanship. When Fennar dropped anchor in Plymouth Sound he had become a famous man.

He was soon at sea again, trading, roving, 'innocently' following Spanish ships to borrow cables. But since the private ventures of

the day often found no place in the Navy Records, though they were of perpetual recurrence, we have no means of knowing how Fennar was employed for the next twelve years or so, except for the several occasions when his name gets into the State papers by reason of complaints against him from Spain, or against Spain from him. These complaints at intervals along his career may here be set down together as helping to mark the man. In 1570 he complains to Cecil of the Spaniards who had robbed his convoy. Five years later it is the men of Flushing, Dutch by nationality but Spanish subjects, who have plundered him. That same year of 1575 he seizes two French ships, an act of piracy which Elizabeth's government immediately penalises by seizing the ships on its own account. In 1584 he complains of being robbed at Havre, and in 1591 he is summoned before an English court of enquiry to explain his plundering one Captain Bileau at Rochelle. It would seem, for we hear of no results, that the wise Cecil and his men ignored all complaints alike with the impartiality of a Solomon. It was only now and then that Elizabeth and her councillors saw well to listen to the vigorous protests of Spain by repudiating the action of the seamen whose ventures often enough had royal shares behind them.

But now to go back a little to greater things. In 1587, when England was waiting for the invincible Armada, we find a letter from Thomas Fennar on the *Nonpareil* (500 tons, 250 men) that he and his cousin George on the *Leicester* galleon (400 tons, 160 men) were told off to patrol the northern coast of France and to give instant warning of the coming of the Spaniards. But the Armada came not. Then, as now, the motto of a true Spaniard was 'Mañana.' Already a year or two late, they were to be a year later still. And that winter George Fennar and the *Leicester* lay in Plymouth harbour. And here a word or two about this same galleon. She had been launched in 1580 by Henry Ughtred and, if my memory serves me, for I cannot find my reference, was first built for Raleigh, and if so would have followed the newer type of longer, lower, and altogether better sailing craft which Sir Walter introduced and which, like the *Ark Raleigh*, so splendidly upheld the genius of that many-sided man. The galleon was, however, launched as the *Ughtred*. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, himself no better seaman than he was a soldier, was just then projecting a venture. He bought the galleon which, after a short existence as *The Bear*, became the *Leicester* of great memory. He sent her on his venture in 1582 as the admiral ship of Fenton, where

mismanagement brought the expedition to a feeble issue. Her exploits in the Armada fights will presently be told, and the last we hear of her was in the disastrous voyage of Cavendish, when she struggled home, first of the famine-stricken fleet, with the body of her dead commander on board. A notable ship, and now to be commanded by a notable man in the most notable set of sea fights that England had so far known.

George Fennar on the *Leicester* was one of those who, when Drake's game of bowls was finished (if ever it was begun), was warped out of Plymouth harbour that Friday evening (July 19) of 1588, and in the eight days of running fight up Channel which was to decide the fate of England she bore herself most gallantly, as Howard of Effingham and the Navy Records bear witness. In the four great naval engagements of Ramhead (July 21), Portland (July 23), Wight (July 25), and above all Gravelines (July 28)—battles which, if judged by results, should rank with any in our history—George Fennar and his galleon were always in the thick of the fighting. Here is a quotation from the account of the Battle of Wight :

'The *Ark*, the *Elizabeth Jonas*, the *Victory*, the *Galleon of Leicester*, the *Dreadnought*, and the *Swallow*, for so they went in order into the fight. . . .

'There never was seen a more terrible value of great shot nor more hot fight than this was : for though the musketeers and harquebusiers of crotch [*i.e.* crooks or rests] were infinite, yet could they not be discerned nor heard, for that the great ordnance came so thick that a man would have judged them to be a hot skirmish of small shot being all the fight through within half a musket shot.'

But George Fennar lived through, as he lived through an equal share in the fight of Gravelines, and a few days later he was one of those who, hove to off the Firth of Forth, watched the last sail of the Great Armada vanish in the mists of the Northern Sea. And then, back home to refit the *Leicester*, though, as she was privately owned, we have no records of her repairs such as we have in the case of the *Ark* and the *Lion* and the other Queen's ships.

The old sailor is out again in 1591—the year by the way of his sole appearance in court. This time in the *Leicester* he is joined with Lord Thomas Howard in the *Lion* to patrol the coast of Brittany. It is strange how often the names of these two men,

both so closely connected with Charterhouse, were united along the line of their careers at sea. Once more the two men took part, each in command of a ship, in 1597, in the Island Voyage of Essex, large in imagination, small, as most that Essex ever undertook was doomed to be, in its results.

A fleet of 20 ships and 6000 men, with Essex for its Admiral and Thomas Howard for Vice-Admiral and Raleigh for Rear Admiral, and such men as George Fennar (in the *Dreadnought*) and his like for captains! And its objects—to destroy the Spanish fleet in Ferrol: to seize the Azores: to capture the Spanish treasure ships: and to return, of which four objects they accomplish but the last!

And once more we find Admiral Lord Thomas Howard, the owner of Howard House in Charterhouse, and Captain George Fennar, destined to be the first pensioner hereafter of Sutton's Hospital in Charterhouse, united for the last time and that time in a failure, though in a failure honourable to both, in the year 1597. The air was thick with rumours of the return of the Armada—the Invisible Armada, as it came to be called. The *Dreadnought* (George Fennar), the *Swiftsure* (Bredgate), and the *Advice* pinnace, though nominally under the command of Sir Richard Leveson, as Admiral, were in reality a command of Fennar's, set to cruise in the Channel and round to Brest in watch for the 'Adelantada' (the Anticipated). The news that Fennar got was false—the *Advice* pinnace seems to have belied her name. He and Bredgate came under full sail back to Plymouth with news of 70 galleys and 100 ships on their way up the coast of France. They never came, and George Fennar and Bredgate were sent back to Brest, where once more they heard news of the 'Adelantada'—false as before, which they brought to Plymouth. And poor old George Fennar was discredited. Cecil and the Council had sent to the other leaders a letter saying:

'As we have had good experience of the faith and judgment of our servant George Fennar, we require you, for any consultation concerning any matter to be attempted at sea, to call him to your council and hear his mind.'

Nor did they now lose their trust in the old sailor because of his mistake. It soon became certain that galleys, though not his 70 galleys, had got through and had run into Le Conquet. They proved to be five galleys under Federigo Spinola, one of the

most brilliant and capable of seamen, who had all the dash and devil of our own Cochrane in a later day. In hot haste Cecil despatched a messenger to George Fennar at Plymouth to tell him to sail at once.

'Tarry not, good George, but do the best you can, for we would be very glad these might be caught or canvassed (thwarted). Assure yourself you and the *Truelove* [Lord Thomas Howard] would beat them if there were no more to assist you.

'P.S.—George Fennar, you are a wise man and have experience to use stratagems. It will not be amiss, if you think good, to lay bait for them in this sort: that some league before you some bait may be sent and take in her ordnance as she were no man of war, and peradventure may entice the baggages from the shore to come off and take her.'

Fennar was gone in an hour or two after the letter came, but while Howard stayed in the Channel to keep watch and George was ploughing west full sail, the baggages were already gone two full days up Channel, and the last joint effort of the two brave men and gallant sailors was to be written down a failure against them by no fault of theirs.

And of Fennar as a sailor we hear no more. The 'Dictionary of National Biography' puts his possible date of death as 1600 with a query, knowing not where to look for him further. But he is to be found again as the very first Brother (pensioner) on the list of Brothers nominated in 1613 (entered 1614) to Sutton's Hospital in Charterhouse. In this final haven of rest the gallant old seaman found his moorings at last.

And reading between the lines we can suggest to ourselves the why and the wherefore of this happy end. Howard House, as Charterhouse was then called, and sometimes still is, had belonged to Lord Thomas Howard (presently restored in blood as Earl of Suffolk), since it had been granted to him afresh by the Queen after the execution of his father the 4th Duke of Norfolk, and after the melancholy imprisonment of his half brother, Philip of Arundel, in the Tower. But about the year 1611 Howard, who had spent lavishly on the building of Audley End, was anxious to be rid of his stately London mansion. A buyer was immediately at hand. Thomas Sutton, a great soldier of Elizabeth's day—he had been for many years master of her ordnance from Berwick-on-Tweed to Edinburgh in succession to Warwick—a

man whose original fortune had been largely augmented first by his shrewd lease of the coal-fields of Gateshead and Wickham, the capacities of which he had gauged in his journeys to Edinburgh, and afterwards by his well-placed shares in many a venture on the wide seas, was a sonless man. He had many years before obtained letters patent for the foundation of a 'Hospital' (Hostel) for eighty old gentlemen and forty boys at his estate of Little Hallingbury in Essex. But now, when Howard House offered itself, he obtained a transference of his 'Hospital' from Essex to the mansion which had been built on the site and even inside the very walls of the ancient Charterhouse Monastery. He completed the purchase in the summer of 1611. He died on December 12 of that year, and after two years of painful litigation his trust was given full effect. At a Governors' assembly of November 13, 1613, the first score or so of Brothers were nominated. The list is headed, as we have said, by the name of Captain George Fennar, but in the whole list of ninety-nine Brothers nominated in the first twenty months there are some thirty-odd officers—captains all; the remainder civilians—a proportion of about one to three, for Sutton's Hospital was designed for military, naval, and civilian elements, as we might expect from one whose connections had been with all three.

The proportion is maintained on the average through the early years of the Foundation, but becomes less as the century got away from the crop of old fighting men left derelict by the Spanish and Dutch wars until, at the very end of that century, it has dwindled to a proportion of hardly seven per cent.¹ The first list has many naval names, but in very few instances do the Christian names agree with those in the Navy Records. One indeed, Robert Barrett, is probably he who sailed the *Toby* for the City of London in the Armada fight. We find a Lawson, a Feilding, a Hakluyt, and many another captain with whom the old sailor of the Spanish Main could consort—happily, let us hope, but the minutes of the Governors do not lead us to think that the bearing of these turbulent old salts, off their quarter-decks at last, made always a happy family in the Great Hall.

But the reason of their being there is not far to seek. Lord Thomas Howard and Thomas Sutton had had their hands deep

¹ The applications from eligible officers in the last 150 years have never been large, and though they have always been welcomed to the Brotherhood, the number of officers who seek admission is very small.

in many a sea venture. Many of these old sailors must have known and done service for both. We have seen how the Lord High Admiral and plain old Captain George Fennar had gone into action many a time side by side. There is something very touching, very pleasant, in the thought that the old soldier, the old venturer, Thomas Sutton, either on his own impulse or at the instance of the Lord High Admiral, had left behind him a list of the men whom he desired to see in his Foundation, headed by the name of the great, and even then so soon forgotten, English seaman, George Fennar.

Of George Fennar's life in Charterhouse we know of course little or nothing. We do know, however, that when, on December 12, 1614, the body of the Founder was brought by torchlight from its temporary rest in Christ Church to the place prepared for it in the new wing added to the chapel by Nicholas Stone, the old soldier of Elizabeth was carried into the chapel on the shoulders of six 'Brothers,' captains, of whom George Fennar assuredly would have been one. There they laid the body of their benefactor, over whom was to rise in the next few months the superb Jacobean tomb by Nicholas Stone and Bernard Jansen. The Founder was to have been carved in full armour by the first design (as we learn quite lately from a drawing found in the Muniment Room), but Stone presently changed this to civilian robes. And so, says Thackeray in one of the most beautiful passages he ever wrote :

'There he lies Fundator Noster in his ruff and gown awaiting the Great Examination Day.'

And here, day by day, the old sailor of the Armada was to sit with his fellows for the short remaining period of his voyage. And to him when he died was awarded the honour, never, so far as I know, repeated, of being, he also, carried into the chapel¹ on the shoulders of six Brother captains, men who like himself had fought for King and Country in the hour of England's danger.

GERALD S. DAVIES.

¹ The notice in the Charterhouse record reads : 'George Fenner entered October 3, 1614, and dyed Oct. 26, 1618, and was buryed in the Chappell.' The burial-ground for Brothers near Wilderness Row had been, however, in use since 1616 (now closed). In the Brothers' Library at Charterhouse is preserved a letter from George Fennar to the Master of his day asking for leave of absence.

THE FORD OF THE LEAPING HARE.

HISTORIANS, I have observed, and writers of monographs generally, preface their works with a list of the authorities on whom they have relied, and I propose to do the same in this bewildering narrative, in order that the responsibility regarding each of its component parts may be definitely allotted.

In the first place, there is the most recent Government Survey of the Indian Peninsula, scale 1 inch to the mile, sheet number XXIII-2.P. On that sheet the Ford of the Leaping Hare is duly recorded under its vernacular name, which is Koondkhare Ghât. *Koond* is the root of the Hindi verb 'to leap,' *Khare* means a 'hare,' while a *Ghât*, of course, is any pass, ford, or narrow place. This ford is on the river Sajli, which separates the two Native States of Kurgata and Ganj. I took over from poor Bloodyfire as Political Agent of Kurgata, and in the Agency Court-room, at this moment, hangs a map of the State, dated 1876, showing the Ford under the same name as does the new survey sheet. It is, perhaps, necessary to add that it is locally known by that name and by no other, and that in respect of its nomenclature no shadow of doubt is possible. This, as will appear later, is sufficiently strange. I am not an imaginative person, but when first those faded letters on the old, rat-eaten wall-map met my eye, my scalp crawled, and for a moment the map, and all the writing on it, were blotted out in the darkness of a sudden brain-fog.

Secondly, I can see the Ford as I write. It is half a mile from my verandah, across a naked slope of sand and gravel studded with a few gum-arabic thorn bushes and extending to the river. It consists of a line of thirty or forty rough-hewn blocks of black basalt, each some three feet square. The most of these are close together, but between some the interval is seven or eight feet. In the hot weather, the river here is a trickle in a waste of sand, but at all seasons its reputation for quicksands is bad, though of late years, apparently, these have shifted down stream. My theory is that in ages long past some raja laid down stepping stones, or rather pillars, for the public convenience. Possibly the stones were once connected by easily removed planks. In course of time a few of the pillars were engulfed and the Ford fell out of use, the sandy river-bed affording a shallow and increasingly safe crossing. The river is typical of the country, the bank on the

Ganj, that is, the northern side, being a sheer wall of yellow earth some forty feet high. There is a gap in this through which a track leads down to the Ford from a very famous temple of the goddess Devi, in Ganj. So much, temple and all, is visible from this bungalow on any day of the year. I have noticed that the stone nearest to the Kurgata bank is treated as an altar. Every morning there are fresh marigolds on it, and pieces of cocoa-nut, and occasionally there is a dark red smear, which is probably the blood of a fowl or other small victim. Such pretty roadside shrines abound through the length and breadth of Hindu India.

Next, there is Haru the Kol, whose ostensible livelihood is melon-growing in the bed of the Sajli, but who has been of use to generations of Political Agents in many ways unnecessary to specify here. Now Haru, priceless as an observer, is, like all aboriginals, exasperating beyond words under cross-examination. One example of his mentality will suffice. I have asked him, *ad nauseam*, how the Ford comes to be called by its somewhat arresting name.

'Because,' he replies, 'the Messenger crosses by it.' ('Messenger,' as I have discovered on my shooting excursions, is a purely local, vernacular name for a hare.)

'Had you ever seen him cross on any previous occasion?'

'No.'

'Have you ever heard of such a crossing?'

'No.'

'Then what ground have you for your statement?' And with a look of patience struggling with invincible stupidity on the side of his questioner, he replies:

'The whole world knows it. It is the only way by which the Messenger has ever crossed.'

Heart-breaking!

Lastly, there is my main authority, Bloodyfire's diary. Lonely officials in the back-waters of the Empire are given to keeping diaries, which in most cases centre round their hobbies, as did Bloodyfire's. But no decent man would make free with the diary of a dead brother officer without good and sufficient reason. I have such a reason. Bloodyfire was an efficient officer, but first and foremost a scholar, immersed heart and soul in his books. His hobby was a peculiarly disagreeable poem of Catullus, known as the *Attys*. The difficulties of this poem appear to be notorious, though I must confess to having existed, for the best part of half

a century, in ignorance even of its name. Recent circumstances have compelled me to acquire more than a partial knowledge of its significance. Its subject is the self-mutilation practised by a crazy, decadent sect of semi-oriental devotees at some period of what, I believe, is styled the silver age of ancient Greek civilisation. This work Bloodyfire had translated, annotated to the length of some four hundred foolscap sheets, and adorned with a separate exposition, by way of an annexure to his commentary, on its metrical structure, which would appear to be unique. He had completed his work down to the dedication, when the sickness broke out in Ganj. Whereupon he held back its publication, in view of the light it shed on the events recorded in the diary. His last entry in the latter document enjoins the printing of a certain section of it *pari passu* with the commentary on the *Attys*, and both were to be sent to a certain professor in Berlin, to whom the commentary was dedicated. After some hesitation, but partly out of respect for a dead man's wishes, partly because I was sure that no healthy British university would be the worse for the lack of such a book, I posted the commentary to Berlin *via* the Foreign Office, who, somewhat to my surprise, had undertaken to consider the question of its forwarding. It now reposes at the bottom of the Mediterranean, which is, in my imperfect opinion, an eminently suitable place for it. Enemy action at sea. . . . After the Peace I had the pleasure of informing the professor of his loss, but, logically or not, I hold that his countrymen's criminal failure to discriminate between passenger and cargo vessels absolves me from entrusting him with the diary.

Bloodyfire died intestate, and apparently without a single relative, near or remote. (Possibly he was the last of a Huguenot strain. There were de Blodifiers in La Rochelle about the date of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.) Parenthetically, the correspondence over his estate, which I conducted as his successor and winder-up of his affairs, and the procedure of the *babus* in a certain Government office located in Calcutta, have driven me to the verge of insanity.

I now proceed without further delay to the diary. The few Greek passages in it which are essential to the narrative I have translated. They are inoffensive. There are others, excerpts mainly, from a little army of authorities on those secret, obscure cults of Asiatic origin which poisoned the exhausted moral atmosphere of Roman society in the last century before the

beginning of the Christian era. The collation of these extracts reveals, it is true, the greatest erudition and the most untiring research on the part of the writer, but to me it is pitiful to see such genius as Bloodyfire's wasting its energies on the exploration of a literary cess-pit.

' April 10th.—The H——s, thank Heaven! have gone. In future I must refuse hospitality to irresponsible tourists of their class—at best a nuisance, at worst a sheer menace. This morning I hear for the first time that the party took advantage of my absence yesterday to pay a visit of curiosity to the temple of Debi. There, by an almost inconceivable mischance, they found the temple court deserted and the only priest on duty asleep. At all events, Miss H—— declares she heard sounds of snoring from within. Whereupon the girl, seeing a small, oval piece of black stone, highly polished, on what she thinks may have been an altar, puts it in her blouse and carries it back to my house "as a souvenir of all your kindness to us, Mr. Bloodyfire."

In effect, she has stolen the Linga from the Ganj temple of Debi. Vrudhshakti, the sacrosanct emblem of the shrine most dreaded, and most frequented, over ten thousand square miles of territory, an object of adoration with which, in point of antiquity, the black stone of Mecca alone can be compared. One cannot even begin to explain to her the full significance of what she has done, much less what that handful of basalt packed in her cabin trunk connotes. I dare not restore it; I cannot keep it with me. The risks attending either alternative are too heavy. I have, however, intimated to her uncle that he would do well to drop it into the first deep river from the window of their railway carriage, after dark. He dimly understands, I think, that his niece has committed some indiscretion.

If the priest is wise he has already replaced the stone by an imitation, and will hold his tongue. On the other hand, the gravest trouble may result from this disastrous act of wanton mischief. The official consequences, to myself, may be serious, but whatever happens my work is done. Thanks, largely, to Haru, the connection has been established, once and for all, between the two cults. Phrygian Cybele and Devi, over the water yonder, are henceforth one. I have traced the orgiastic rites through the centuries, up to Macrobius Smyrnensis, back to him through Kalicharan, Ashataputre, and the four Avasthis. I have lit a torch in a dark place, and where all has been ill-informed conjecture I have brought certainty and the truth. Now may I say with assurance, "Non omnis moriar."

' *April 14th.*—Haru appeared this morning to make his weekly report. All is quiet in Ganj, and Haru, clearly, is ignorant that anything is amiss. It may be that my surmise regarding the priest's probable action was correct.

' *April 20th.*—Haru is perturbed. "Over there," he said to-day, waving his arm northwards, "hares, many hares, are dying. They run down to the river in the evening, and having drunk a little, turn back and die. Come and see."

' I have always hated hares. Their eyes are pools of contagious terror. Their pinched, starved foreheads and hag-ridden faces are a nightmare. They have deformed lips drawn tightly back in a grin that suggests wickedness unspeakable, and an extremity of pain. Their bloodshot, semi-transparent ears are like the loathsome pink cactus, horrible both to sight and touch. When they cry, it is with the voice of a damned soul at the first lick of the flames of hell. I did not care how many hares died in Ganj, but to satisfy Haru I went down with him to the ford this evening.

' He is right. At the moment of our arrival, two little clouds of dust were rising from the narrow descent to the ford from the Ganj bank, and two hares raced out over the sand. They drank, limped back a few paces, fell over on their sides, and with a convulsive movement, died. The edge of the water was dotted with other dead hares. Above them hovered a small company of crows and kites, but not a bird came to ground.

"Neither," said Haru, "do the jackals eat them by night. This is an added wonder."

' On reflection, I do not like this mortality, which is clearly due to some epidemic. Now, an epidemic among humans in Ganj would at once be ascribed to Debi's anger. The temple would be more frequented than ever: some worshippers with good eyesight might notice. . . .

' Bubonic plague, of course, is preceded by mortality among rats, and in Manchuria the infinitely more deadly pneumonic form is reported to have first killed off all the marmots. But I never heard of the hare in any such connection. Debi, the Plague-goddess, is figured, in Hindu sculpture, mounted on a rat. Apollo, when he sent the bubonic plague into the camps of the Achæans before Troy, at the entreaty of his outraged priest, Chryses, was invoked by him as "Smintheus," which the scholiasts interpret as "rat-slayer." On the whole, east and west, the rat holds the field.

' *April 24th.*—A long and rather injured "Collins" from H——. As advised by me, he threw the Debi-Linga into a river. Moreover, he thinks it his duty to warn me against permitting

ladies to visit the temple. The sculptures, for example, on the eastern face—that sort of thing should not be sprung on mixed parties of unsuspecting sightseers. (As if I had sent the girl there!) But had I ever observed the head and shoulder of the laughing maiden who peeps round the north-west corner at the visitor approaching from the east? Its beauty took his breath away. It was Greek, pure Greek, in conception and execution—a flower blooming on a muck heap. The narrow dado of running hares or rabbits, carved in high relief above the girl's head, was also surprisingly un-oriental in its freedom from convention: a masterpiece of its kind. The rest of the letter is irrelevant.

'No! Never having gone round to the back of the temple, I had observed neither the girl's head nor, which to me is of infinitely greater interest, the "dado" of hares. I recall, now, that in Kurgata the hare is under the strict protection of the State. The native courts inflict a heavy fine on the slayer of a hare, and the animal will almost certainly be found to possess some local name connected with the goddess. I begin to regret that for many a year I have not handled a gun, but Haru will doubtless enlighten me. In Scandinavian mythology the hare was the gods' messenger. This opens up new trains of thought.

'*April 30th.*—Things are beginning to move with a vengeance. The Agency Surgeon wires from Headquarters that a disease diagnosed as pneumonic plague has broken out in the Harsi State and in the north, that is, the transmontane tract of Ganj. I am to use every precaution to prevent it crossing the Sajli into Kurgata. The river line must be barred by the most stringent executive measures, and any action of mine to this end will be supported in higher quarters.'

At this point, for brevity's sake, the diary may be temporarily put aside. The measures adopted by Bloodyfire to meet the menace were certainly not lacking in vigour. From the heterogeneous police of the State, he enrolled selected patrols composed entirely of up-country Mohammedans, foreigners and outsiders to a man, and mounted such as could ride on the heir-apparent's polo ponies. He armed them with converted Martinis, dealt out slug cartridges with a free hand, and established a chain of river posts, with patrols working night and day. Though the river frontier extends for some thirty miles, precipitous sandstone gorges, at both the eastern and the western end, confine the Sajli in a deep and narrow bed, unfordable on foot, and, owing to the nature of the cliffs, devoid of ferries. The danger line was ten miles in the centre, where the valley widens and the cliffs have

receded. In this strath the greater part of the population of Ganj State is crowded into filthy hamlets between the base of the Vindhyas and the river, and a child can ford the Sajli here at almost any point. Bloodyfire's detailed orders are not on the official record, but from the perfect success of his arrangements it may be inferred that the guards spread along the above-mentioned ten miles were permitted to take no risks. Certainly the quantity of ammunition they fired off, as entered in the Kurgata quarter-guard's store registers, was very large indeed, if fatalities were few. For nearly a fortnight Bloodyfire's diary deals with these and kindred matters, and his days, often his nights, were spent on horseback among his patrols. I infer that exposure and sleeplessness told heavily on his health. He then reverts to the subject of the temple.

'*May 12th.*—The temple gongs of Debi, which are beaten at sunrise and sunset, and are distinctly audible from this spot, have been silent for two days. It is difficult to express the effect on my spirits of this ominous breach in the routine of centuries. Presumably the theft of the Linga has been discovered. Haru reports that the submontane villages are heavily infected. If this is true, the spread of the disease to the riverain tract is a matter of a few days only, if, indeed, it has not already broken out there. Riding in this morning I noticed the smoke of many funeral pyres rising from the sandy river-bed, but possibly they were not abnormally numerous. I sit and wait for evil tidings: there is nothing else to be done. "All things come to an end," runs one of Haru's proverbs, "even the pain of the honey-coloured sand scorpion's sting, which is a foretaste of hell."

'*May 14th.*—An incident in the highest degree disagreeable has occurred to-day. Purangir, the head priest of the temple, was captured at the Kurgata end of the Koondkhare Ghat by my guards, who brought him to me for orders. The four grinning young Punjabis had tied a rope round his waist, the slack of which they held as warily as if he were some treacherous wild animal. He was stark naked, and smeared with some whitish powder. The creature, as, I suspect, are all the temple attendants, is a Vrudhlinga. [Follows a quotation from the *Attys*.]

'He had drugged himself with bhang or some other abominable brew of Indian hemp, which fact possibly explains why he was not more roughly handled by the guard. Preserving a form of excessive politeness, but with insult in every tone of every word, he demanded the return of "the thing" that I "had stolen." My nerves are not what they were, and this was more than I

could stand. My temper broke, immediately and beyond recall. I would have thrashed him soundly but for the stench of him, which the morning breeze blew to me in wafts. "You filthy painted mannikin," I shouted, "if I catch you again on this side of the river, up you go to the triangles, and these young men shall flay the hide off you, for all your howling to your damned Debi. As for your Linga, I have it not, and if I had, would not restore it." I then ordered the guard to repatriate him, and on a similar occasion in future to shoot at sight. As they twitched his tether he turned on me with a vulture-like screech. I believe I have his actual words.

"Dead man," he cried, "listen! The Carrier of the goddess runs, and where he runs, the people die. He runs swiftly and leaps high, faster than a frightened man can run, high as the face of an Englishman—" The lads had him fairly under weigh by then, and the rest of his speech was lost to me.

'No man in this climate can lose his temper with impunity, least of all myself. I am prostrate, incapable of action, mental or physical. At times I feel I have lost a supreme opportunity. And, most disquieting thought of all, even as I spoke I knew myself to be playing a part that had been acted on the world's stage long centuries ago, a part far beyond my puny capacity to fill, but put into my mouth by some perverse, jeering demon. As the fatal words came to me without effort, so a stunning sense of irretrievable mischief followed their utterance. For with such threats one Agamemnon, son of Atreus, had answered Chryses, priest of Apollo the Plague-god, the Archer, the Rat-slayer. As Purangir for his holy Linga, so Chryses had prayed for the return of his ravished daughter. And the Greek had replied roughly, as I had: "*Old man, if I find you loitering by the hollow ships again to-day, or within our lines on any day to come, your garland and staff of Apollo will save you not at all. But her I will not restore.*"

'Then upon Hubris, the presumptuous sin, followed hard the wrath of Heaven. The Rat-slayer heard his insulted servant's cry for vengeance, and thick and fast the arrows of his plague fell among the Achaean hosts. "*First the mules and dogs he smote, then let fly his piercing shafts upon the men, and ever without ceasing the corpse-fires burned.*"

'It were folly to give more than a passing thought to what is no more than an echo of an echo, to a fortuitous repetition, *in petto*, of a dialogue in an epic poem composed more than three thousand years ago. But my depression of spirits is extreme, and the grasshopper an intolerable burden. The dado on the temple wall is explained now, but I am indifferent, only glad that the *Attys* is finished and put away.

' *May 16th.*—The northern bank of the river is a line of columns of greasy black smoke. Haru declares that nine out of ten corpses are not burned at all, but lie rotting where the people died, in houses, roads, and fields. He is in a state of suppressed excitement, which is not fear, nor even akin to fear. He has learned of my encounter with the priest. It is clear that some interest of overpowering magnitude has expelled from his heart all thought of personal safety. (In my own case the same effect has followed an exactly contrary cause.) His normal taciturnity has left him and he talks incessantly, with an extraordinary almost aggressive freedom, on the subjects of the plague, the temple worship, and Purangir. Incidentally, he believes that this individual can change his identity into that of an animal at will. At his urgent request I have lent him a current calendar of Hindu dates, not that he can read, but a friend, he says, has need of it. He also informs me that, as I suspected, a local name for a hare signifies the bearer of a message. A month ago this would have been of intense interest to me. In present circumstances nothing matters. But let what is to come, come quickly. I am tired of waiting for the unknown.

' *May 17th.*—My court, without order of mine, is closed. Every official, great and small, has remained at home this morning. But there is no sign of any exodus from the town—on the contrary, the roads are deserted and the bazaars empty. One might say that the people of this remote corner of the inhabited world are cowering under a great shadow. The heat is insupportable.

' Haru has just come to borrow a second calendar. I press him for his motive. He is silent, prevaricates, and yields. The despatch of the Messenger, he asserts, is near at hand—all the city is aware of this, and high and low are searching the calendars, for by a process of reasoning which I can never hope to fathom, the sending must be on one of two dates, the fourth of the light half of the Hindu lunar month, or the ninth of the dark. It has all happened before, and the event is as inevitable as an eclipse. Only the priest of Debi—I regret that forgone thrashing—can determine the day to a certainty. Haru, who visits the temple nightly in these days, and is dead to all sense of fear, holds out hopes that he will be in a position to give me at least some hours' notice.

' *May 19th.*—At sunset to-night, over the Ford of the Leaping Hare!

' I see light at last. That line of sunken, coal-black pillars, flung like a devil's necklace from bank to bank of the Sajli River—by what other road would it come? I see a foul, malignant purpose, sleeping through the centuries, but thrilling into life at

the call of the powers of Sin. I see many other things to which my eyes have hitherto been sealed, but the time is short, and of the little that remains much has been spent in cleaning my shotgun and searching for some cartridges. They are old, but probably serviceable, and though generations of wasps had blocked the gun-barrels with their clay nests, I have cleared them away, and the locks are in fair order. The shot should not be a difficult one. The creature must pause before each leap, and I shall be waiting and ready. To my relief and surprise, Haru expresses his intention of accompanying me.

One thing only remains to write, that should any accident befall me, an extract copy of this diary's entries, from April the 10th of this year to date, must be posted to the pre-eminent scholar whose name is on the dedication page of my Commentary. He will, in his discretion, modify what I have written on the *Attys*, in the light of this diary's disclosures. In all Europe he alone is competent for the task.

* * * * *

Haru the Kol, who has not the imagination to lie, supplies the remaining portion of this narrative. He has told it over to me not once but many times, and though I have laid traps for him into which a more intelligent, but less truthful witness would inevitably have stumbled, never has he swerved from consistency in any but the most trifling details. The two men, then, Bloodyfire on his horse, carrying a heavy hunting-crop, and the Kol with the gun on his shoulder, went down to the Ford in the late afternoon, and took up their station in a water-worn hollow of the Kurgata bank. The horse was left in charge of a groom at the top of the descent. There was no guard at the spot—Bloodyfire had seen to that beforehand. I know that at that season the withering heat converts the hollow river-bed into a funnel of scorching blasts, so that from time to time the watchers must have winced and turned their faces sideways, as though lashed with invisible whips. A grey haze was over the sky, and the sinking sun, coloured like a stale lemon, shed a faint, sickly glow on the river and the sand and the cliffs of Ganj. The sun's rim, says Haru, had touched the water, when the moment, and with it the Messenger, arrived.

Down the steep approach from the Ganj bank, the soft dust rising in a little cloud behind it, a hare came racing at headlong speed. So, in the days before the plague took hold of men, had the stricken creatures raced down on to the sand to quench their thirst and die. But this hell-driven carrier of death cleared at

a bound the space between the dry land and the first stepping-stone, hanging in the air, as the Kol relates, like a hovering bird. Then, with a mincing deliberation, it crossed from stone to stone and paused before each spring, so that on its near approach the two men had time to note, with loathing, its ragged fur and festering, hairless ears, and the crusted nastiness that covered its eyes and mouth. When it reached the last stone of all, it appeared to rest, collecting its forces for a final leap to land. Then Bloodyfire, raising his gun, covered the scabrous atomy and fired. But there broke upon the stifling silence no reverberating crash of a double report—only the thin click of hammers striking the pins over dead charges, or empty cartridge chambers. Haru, in his ignorance of firearms, cannot even vouch that the gun was ever loaded. In India men lose their lives yearly from such lapses.

They rolled sideways to shun the touch of the living pestilence that leaped straight at their faces and ran past them up the sloping cart-track. Bloodyfire, shouting for his horse, was on his feet first, and running in pursuit. Half-way down the descent his syce met him, held a stirrup, and thrust the crop into his hand. By then the hare was some distance along the road to Kurgata, a small, dust-shrouded object seen with difficulty in the murk of the evening. Pushing his horse with heel and whip, the rider swept up the road at a gallop,

‘and,’ says Haru, ‘the hare, as it wearied, was quickly overtaken, so that even before the syce and I were out of breath, the Sahib was upon it and lashing at it with his whip-thong. It seemed to run between his horse’s legs. Then horse and man came down suddenly, with a crash that shook the ground, and neither moved again, and the hare, too, lay dead, crushed beneath their bodies. Seeing that the life had gone out of all the three, I ran to the Palace, to inform the Revenue Minister. He came with a company and regarded the corpses, for a while, from a distance. Then he bade me fetch the gun and throw it on the heap, and with some old hog-spears which we found at the bungalow we covered them all with firewood, log by log on the points of the spears, the Minister having sent us material on carts, and some sandal-wood for purification, and clarified butter in abundance. All night long the pyre burned, and in the morning nothing but ashes remained.’

So, then, Bloodyfire was hunting a hare one hot weather evening, and his horse came down with him, killing him on the spot. Such

was the first official intimation of his death, which I verified on arriving in Kurgata, and have accepted, ever since, as the truth. There, had there been no diary, the matter would have rested, for such accidents are common to the lot of man. To this narrow foothold of indisputable fact my bemazed reason returns again and again, as a homeless bird to an islet in a turbulent inundation, but returns in vain. There was a day when I had half succeeded in dismissing the diary from serious consideration, as the product of a brain disordered by solitude, exposure, and overwork, but on that morning I found the name of the Ford on the office wall-map, and instantly the scheme of things-as-they-are, as it had hitherto existed for me, fell to pieces. The revenue minister is a cultured Brahman who took a good First in History, from Magdalen, two years after I went down. When I mention Bloodyfire's death to him, he discourses of the dangers of *shikar*. Nothing inexplicable has ever happened in his State. Nothing ever will. Kurgata remained untouched by the pestilence, early and copious rains having stayed its progress at the northern bank of the Sajli. Bacteriologists now aver that the first hasty diagnosis of pneumonic plague was incorrect, the evidence, rather, pointing to a premature and virulent outbreak of the mysterious disease which scourged the world at the close of the year 1918. As I write, the musical cadence of gongs is borne to my ear from beyond the river, where the sexless priests of Debi Vrudhshakti, who is Phrygian Cybele, says Bloodyfire, are performing the sunset ritual of their goddess. No less musical, the faint chanting of cranes floats down from an immeasurable height, as rank by rank the ordered companies pass by on their northward migration. From Kurgata city comes a confused murmur of harmless crowds in peaceful enjoyment of the leisure that crowns the end of the day. To-night they will put marigolds and shining white fragments of cocoa-nut on the last stone of the Ford. But on the memorial slab, where Bloodyfire fell, there will be nothing but his name.

C. G. CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE PRICE OF LEISURE.

BY FREDERICK MARTIN.

In the lamp-lit parlour of an old country-house a man sat in a great chair, and pondered the events of his life. He sat before a log fire; a store of fuel lay within easy reach of his hand. There was a deep peace, for he alone of the folk of the house was not abed. Outside, there was a bright moon with a spanking breeze. It was a night such as this man had always loved, a night when, above the sleeping earth, the sky seemed alive, glittering with the movement and joy of quick life. He had had a fancy for observing the moods of the sky, and on such nights he had seemed to see the moon as a conscious participant, indeed a leader in the vivacious doings on high. Before the breeze, small clouds hurried eastward, not as frightened things driven by a fearful power, but as merry-makers hastening to a revel. And as they passed across his face the jovial moon seemed to wink and smile at them, as with a promise that he would not be long in joining them at the pleasant rendezvous whither they were bound.

There were other nights that the man had loved—nights, these, when the moon was not visible, and when the sky was crowded with stars. He had discovered a curious thing about the heavens on such nights—a thing that others may have known, but that he, having found it for himself, guarded as a secret, lest, by mentioning it, he might find that this was a thing common to all men, and not his own possession. What he had discovered was that the way to look at the starry sky was to throw the head well backwards, or, more comfortably, to lie on one's back and gaze directly upwards. With gaze so directed you gain a new idea of the nature of the starry firmament on high. It is no longer a picture of the floor of heaven, thick inlaid with patines of pure gold. The sky is seen, not as the roof of the world bespangled, but as a great vault of blue, infinite in its depth, from which depend myriad points of light. You cannot see the cords by which the stars are hung, but you cannot but imagine their existence, for the finite mind is incapable of conceiving of lamps suspended by nothing. So, at least, thought this man, who was nothing of an astronomer, and only very amateurish as a philosopher.

For him the magic of the country lay in the leisure and the

peace of the life there—leisure to read and peace to think. Sometimes, in the intervals of strenuous work, performed at high pressure in towns and cities, he had been sanguine, and had imagined that by a turn of the Wheel of Fortune he might be able to retire to the life of the country a few years before age and decrepitude had laid him low, and had deprived him of the power to enjoy the fruits of leisure. More often he had thought of the evening of life with a resigned acquiescence in his fate, which would be to hurry and scramble among crowds of town-dwellers like himself, until there should come a day when he should fall behind in the rush, and the other scramblers would pass over him and that would be the end. And now, by a freak, here he was in the haven where for years he fain would be, deep in the country, with no need to scramble any more, and with old age far off, for he was exactly in middle life, if you reckon by the Psalmist's measure, not an extravagant measure in these days. Leisure he had in plenty, for even from the penalty of Adam he was exempt. No longer need he mind the curse, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread all the days of thy life.' And so, as he threw another log on the fire, and charged his pipe again, he reviewed, deliberately, the road by which he had come thus quickly and unexpectedly to the place of leisure.

From the vantage-point he had reached, he was able to survey the road with detachment. It was not very remarkable. It had had its ups and downs, its smooth places and its rough, its twists and turns. The journey was marked off in well-defined stages. First, childhood and schooldays. School had come to an end while he was yet in his very early teens, and his experiences there had not been notable, except for the fact that they had included the discovery of a love for books. The next stage, a long one, had been spent in work of an arduous kind, how arduous he only now realised. Then came a brief period of soldiering in the early days of the War, and, at last, the time of leisure. Incidents of the journey held curiously little interest for him now; his thoughts turned to the hopes and plans which had entertained him while the incidents were passing. Among the inhibitions which his work had entailed, none had oppressed him more than the austerity he had had to suffer in the matter of reading. The nature of his occupation had been such as to make him realise the value of wide and deep reading—of accurate scholarship, if you will—and the lack of these he had deplored more and more as he had advanced in his profession. Indeed, for twenty years he had had to write

a good deal more than he had had time to read. Most of his writing, it is true, had been of the meanest kind, the mere transcribing of the words of other men, words that occasionally were winged, but that for the most part were dull and of little importance. Yet his had been a fascinating, absorbing occupation—too absorbing to admit of the cultivation of the mind by communion with the great intellects of the past. The want of this cultivation had been felt more and more when he had come to the stage when he was entrusted with the writing of reviews and the inditing (that is the proper word for so ponderous a process) of solemn leading articles on affairs of state. It was then that he had resolved that, if ever the opportunity came, he would make an effort, not indeed to lay broad and deep the foundations of knowledge upon which alone, as he thought, wise judgments might arise—the time for that was past—but to underpin, as it were, the ramshackle structure which his amateur skill had built.

To this end he had, from time to time, taken a note of books to be studied, should the opportunity ever come his way. Among the English classics whose name and fame had appealed to him was 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Gibbon would make a rich companion, and a valuable teacher; he would last a winter. He had a fancy to tackle Alison's 'History of Europe,' which, he had heard, was in fourteen volumes; a friend of his had read it, and it took him three years. The journalist had been greatly attracted to Alison's 'History' by the remark of its author to the effect that this colossal work represented the fruits of hours of leisure snatched from the demands of a laborious profession. Other histories to be read included Mr. Trevelyan's 'Garibaldi' books. The first of these had enthralled by its opening chapter, but it had had to be laid aside for matters of more urgent importance. For philosophy he would turn, in the first place, to Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne, and he would try his French on Voltaire. If he found that philosophy was in his line he would go on, and he would certainly, jumping the centuries, make an endeavour to read William James. He remembered how, when the news came of James's death, he had felt stranded, for it was part of his job that Sunday evening to look after obituary notices, and James was known to him only as a man who was worth a column; but what to write was a problem. A thoughtful friend had called at the office, having heard of the death, and had handed over 'Pragmatism,' and the situation had become more, instead of less, complicated. Certainly it would be a

point of honour with him to make an effort to get at the mind of William James.

There were other founts of wisdom to be drawn upon. Boswell's 'Johnson' must be at hand, and, of course, 'Don Quixote.' 'Don Quixote' had been a marked man ever since the days of childhood when, as a small boy, he had pored over Doré's illustrations, full-page size, in a great volume in his grandfather's house. Doré recalled 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' That was a familiar acquaintance long ago, and would surely repay more mature consideration. Poetry, this man regretted, was not much in his line, but the majestic, sonorous Milton appealed at least to his senses; he would try to study him in the hope of reaching, some way, towards the height of his great argument. He had long ago decided the exact spot in his study where the case containing the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' would stand. It would be within arm's-length of his two chairs—that at the desk and that by the fire-side. For that slim, elegant, limp-leather-bound edition he had a love, compounded partly of admiration for its beauty as a book, and partly of gratitude for services rendered in times of dire emergency.

To reinforce his scrappy knowledge and to clarify his standards of criticism, he would read Taine and Lafcadio Hearn, and he would see what there was for elegant men to 'enthuse' about in Walter Pater and Gissing and the like. His mind fairly reeled as he tried to assemble all the books of which he had taken note, for the list was not orderly nor, probably, was it well chosen for the purpose in view. Still, he had compiled it for himself, and that was something.

His list of books was not available as he sat in his great chair this evening, but he remembered that in the 'Library of Leisure' there was to be space for a case full of reports of famous criminal trials. He had, in his time, witnessed the administration of justice in most of the courts of the realm, from the palace in the Strand, and the tedious Old Bailey, right down the scale to the little country police-court where the village grocer sat in judgment on his peers. Usually his sympathies had been with the prisoner at the bar, and never had this been the case more than on an occasion when a youth, who bore the same name as that of a famous historian of the past, had been convicted of a particularly brutal and stupid murder, and had been sentenced to death. From the morning when the crime had been discovered, all through the tracking

down of the murderer and his trial, down to the morning when he was hanged by the neck until he was dead, the man had been 'in the case' in the interests of his paper. There was no shadow of doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner, or about the revolting nature of his crime, the doing to death of an old man in a lonely cottage. All the same, the wretched creature in the dock commanded sympathy. His age was twenty-three, and some seventeen years of his miserable life had been spent in reformatories and penitentiaries. Society, it seemed, had failed to reform this member, and, having failed, was about to do the next best thing, which was to kill him. There would have been less to pity in the case if only the prisoner had had the mentality to realise that he was, after all, the central figure in the court scene. It was he who had caused all this arraying of the forces of the law, the trumpeting of the heralds announcing the entrance of His Majesty's most learned judge, the bowing of civic dignitaries, the prayers of the chaplain, the hurrying hither and thither of long-robed counsel and the scurrying of ferret-like clerks. If only the prisoner could have realised that it was he, who, by his own act, had caused the display of all this pride, pomp, and circumstance, he might have lived his hour, have harangued the listeners, and have gone to his doom with a flourish.

The recollection of this sordid drama brought an ill taste into the man's mouth. It was unpleasant, and besides, it had diverted the current of his thoughts. All crime, however, was not nauseating, especially when viewed from afar. He remembered once, on a fishing holiday, having taken with him for literary company, 'Harry Richmond,' and the report of the Maybrick case, in the 'Notable Trials' series. It was Meredith who came back unread. There were many other trials which he would read up. To him there was something intensely dramatic in the struggle for the life of a man in which the weapons are facts, circumstances and arguments, and not mere mechanical engines of destruction. Modern trials were rich in sensation, as it is called, and in matter for speculation and ratiocination. On bad days in winter he would once more arraign notorious criminals and famous prisoners who had secured acquittal. His method would be to read the recorded evidence and to act for himself as counsel on both sides, judge and jury. When he had arrayed all the arguments and had come to a decision in his own mind, he would study how the lawyers in the case had stated each his view, and what line the summing up of

the judge had taken. In this way he could convert his study into a court of appeal and have at his mercy all the jurists of the day. If the supply of modern material gave out, there were treasures in the State papers, some of which might yield inspiration for historical essays. Much of this ground had already been covered, no doubt, by scholars whose attainments were infinitely greater than his own, but there might be a corner here and there still unclaimed.

For instance, there was a case recorded in the records of State trials in Scotland. It had been brought to his notice by a hospital chaplain who was interested in such matters. The crime had been committed in a glen not many miles from this house where the man now sat pondering all these things. It revealed a variation of an old theme. Home to his native glen had come a man who had spent his early manhood in India in the service of the Company, to find his former brother recently married to a beautiful and passionate woman. An intrigue sprang up in a week or two, and the husband died by poison. The guilty pair were tried and condemned to death, but the woman was reprieved temporarily on the verdict of a jury of matrons. While she lay in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, a kinsman of influence arranged her escape disguised as a boy. At the last moment, such a wanton was she, she was nearly detected by reason of her conduct towards one of the oarsmen of the boat in which she was being conveyed from the pier of Leith to the schooner in the offing which was to take her to France and freedom. There was a fine tale here, or, at all events, an essay after the manner of Mr. Andrew Lang. Yes, the man had determined that when leisure came he would not allow his writing faculty, such as it was, to rust altogether. He would be, as far as possible, as Morley said of Gladstone, not merely a passively receptive reader.

Sometimes he even toyed with the notion that he might write a book when he had time. If he did, it would be such a book as 'Trilby,' for the books of Du Maurier, and especially 'Trilby,' impressed him as the kind that might come from the well-stored mind of an elderly man of the world. Whether he was a man of the great world of art, or merely an 'intelligent' of the humbler world did not, he thought, matter very much. He had formed the idea that the author of 'Trilby' had sate him down one day and had written, and the sentences flowed from his pen with effortless sequence. In particular he was fascinated by the Du Maurier trick of ignoring the inverted comma. It seemed to him that when his model writer found, ready-made, a similitude or a phrase

which exactly expressed his meaning, he did not trouble to invent another for himself, out of an uneconomic craze for originality.

There was another model which he might follow in default of Du Maurier. William de Morgan, too, had waited for maturity before testing his powers as a novelist, and his garrulous style of writing seemed easy enough. Of course de Morgan, for all his casual, untidy style, was a man possessing a well-stored mind; indeed his supply of raw material for fiction might be described as inexhaustible. However, there was no difficulty about raw material. A journalist, however humble his position in his calling, picks up in the course of his work a great deal of 'copy' which is not used up at the moment, and could be made available for the purposes of a book. Even if both these models proved to be uninspiring, or if they defied emulation, there was always a book of reminiscences to fall back upon. Such a book might well occupy much of the leisure of half a life-time, for, into it, it would be possible to introduce all sorts and conditions of men, women, and experiences, with some home-made philosophy, and with candid estimates of people whom, in the work-a-day world, one had been bound to treat with a humble respect that they did not deserve; and since there need be no hurry about publishing, it should be possible to polish and perfect every sentence. That would be a restful change from the red-hot scribbling of daily-paper work.

One of the supreme pleasures of the period of leisure was to be got from regular orgies of newspaper reading. The man seated in the big chair was frankly interested in his calling, and many a time, as he had contemplated his sojourn in the Elysium of leisure, he had gloated over these promised orgies. The London dailies would not reach his part of the country till noon, and it would be necessary for him to tramp a mile or two to the railway station to get them. This would be a healthy arrangement, especially on disagreeable days when the temptation would be to sit over the fire all morning.

It would be his intention, when in his rural retreat, to become an amateur of newspapers, to taste all the delights of being on a 'busman's holiday.' To wade through the columns of say four papers a day, all of them chronicling practically the same events, all of them commenting on the same topics, though from different points of view, and all of them expounding well-defined policies, might seem to the outsider to be an intolerable weariness.

But to the professional journalist, turned an amateur of news-

papers, the printed page has many fascinations. He can read much into them which the compositor was innocent of setting. It will interest him to observe what Jones of the *Wire* regarded as the principal news of last night, and to contrast it with the judgment of Smith of the *Bulletin*. If, by some chance, they have agreed as to what topic should have chief place, he will note how each has displayed and titled it according to his skill and ingenuity. A very inconspicuous paragraph, discreetly worded, may mean little to the casual reader, but the specialist recognises the harbinger of a campaign, of what has come to be known as a 'stunt.' Suppose that some personage has died, or some calamitous event has happened. The general public will read the ponderous pronouncement of the editorial, and will spare a moment, perhaps, to reflect on the cleverness of those writing fellows who seem to know something about everything. The expert chuckles as he realises just what old Robinson, the leader-writer, said when they brought him the news and demanded a column of ceremonial stuff. Perhaps, on the whole, the provincial papers are the more interesting on account of that which is implicit in their pages, and they are specially fascinating to one who has been through the mill in a country office. The greater the distance from London, the Exchange and Mart of the world's news, the greater is the risk of accidents and mistakes, and the more imperative, therefore, is the need for quick decision, skilful display, and, when need arises, ingenious improvisation. To the player of the game, turned spectator, there is great pleasure in spotting the feints and dodges of the provincial sub-editor, who, at the end of a wire hundreds of miles long, does his best to compete with his Fleet Street compeer seated luxuriously within a few yards of the spot where news is being made.

One great discovery, regarding the big opulent London papers, it had taken the man in the chair months of exile to discover. The discovery was that, if you take one of them from its postal wrapper, unfold it quickly and plunge the head among its sheets, there comes to you the faint odour of printers' ink. It was on a hot day, on the way from the railway station, that this discovery had been made, and quite by accident. So compelling was the nostalgia awakened by the long-familiar smell that he had sat down by the roadside and had fallen into a day-dream. In a moment he found himself transported to a machine-crowded room on the topmost floor of a lofty London building. The atmosphere was hot, the air was filled with familiar sounds, the click of keys and the musical plash as that wonderful, almost human, arm of the

linotype reached down to seize the small brass matrices, which, having done their work in founding a line of type, were to be carried aloft and gently insinuated along to the ever-twisting worm, thence to be dropped each into its appointed place ready for use once again when its turn should come to respond to the touch of the manipulator at the keyboard. There were other sounds, an occasional shout from one white-aproned operative to another, the sharp, imperious call of the electric bell on the Printer's desk, and the soft slither of slippered feet hurrying hither and thither. It is a scene of much business; every man concentrates on his task, and there is no confusion; the impression given is that of a complicated machine running at high speed but without haste. Something happens; perhaps it is that the hands of the clock have reached a crucial point. The first symptoms of change are observable in the acts and demeanour of the Printer. Hitherto, portly and impassive, he has stood at his pulpit desk methodically sorting into little heaps fragments of paper which reach him in the form of rather bloated spills stuck into leather cylinders which are periodically extracted from an array of brass pipes at his left hand. At the crucial moment the cylinders begin to arrive in more rapid succession. The impassive one thrills into activity as at an electric shock. Up to this moment he has had time to chat with an inquisitive visitor and to answer his questions with much courtesy. Now he has other things to attend to. There is a telephone at hand, and through it he addresses rapid and firm messages to someone below, whom he evidently suspects of a desire to wreck his peace. The answer he gets does not seem to be conciliatory. The receiver is replaced with a bang, the bell on his desk rings more frequently and more shrilly, and the white-aproned men obey its summons with increased speed, hurrying from their chairs, snatching their allotted scraps of paper, regaining their machine, sitting down and clicking the keys, all, as it seems, in one motion, and the clicking is of a rapidity that might excite the admiration of the most expert of high-speed pianists.

Something else happens. Into the room come three or four gentlemen of the editorial department flinging a cheery word here and there, as each makes his way to the point at which he can most conveniently supervise his particular share of the work of the last half-hour. No longer is the figure of the Printer statuesque on the rostrum; it flits hither and thither with the speed of a bird, quite remarkable speed in a bird of that size. And in its eyes there is a gleam which warns all within its range, that now there

is no time for courtesy ; get in the way of that figure in one of the narrow alleys of the room, and so much the worse for you. Many rapid flights are made between the desk and a corner of the room, where, around a heavy table, is an ever-changing group of men who bring small blocks of type to be fitted into their appropriate places within an iron frame. This is where the last pages are being made up, and brooding over them is the alert and anxious Chief. Earlier in the evening he has visited the room, and has conversed cordially, and on terms of intimate friendship, with the Printer. But as the last half-hour draws to its close these two, when they do exchange words, speak as one might speak to his deadliest enemy in a moment of supreme passion, and just before plunging a dagger into his heart.

A sliding-door in the wall, near the wheeled table, is pushed half-open by a burly man, shirt-sleeved and leather-aproned. There are beads of perspiration on his brow, but his countenance is unruffled. He stands with his back to the door-post and he seems to keep one eye on the room from whence he has come, and the other on the group around the table. Through the half-open door glimpses are caught of other leather aprons, girded about men who toil laboriously, operating hot and clumsy engines of uncanny shape. This is a glimpse of the foundry, but it suggests a medieval torture-chamber where the executioners are finding the work of pressing and burning and stretching their victims rather more exacting than usual. There is something gruesome and uncanny about the unperturbed visage of the Assistant-Tormentor who lounges by the half-open door, midway between his sweating colleagues within and the feverish group without. It suggests the brutal callousness of one who is indifferent alike to the agonies of the sufferers on the rack, and to the piteous fears of the victim who is being prepared for the dreadful ordeal. As a matter of truth, the Assistant-Tormentor is not brutal ; he is a diligent, sober, and possibly a God-fearing man, with the average supply of the milk of human kindness. But he is callous ; that is to say, he has witnessed this scene so often that he has learned to be economical of worries. He knows that if the page is ready at a given moment, it will be thrust towards him, and all will be well ; if it is a minute or so late, all will be lost, and it is useless to worry about what cannot be helped. The pace quickens again, more clattering of keys, the flights of the Printer fever into headlong rushes ; there is no time now even to be rude and the Chief's suggestions, prayers and execrations are alike ignored. The minute hand of the clock reaches the given

point, the scrum around the table breaks away at a shout from the Printer, the table is thrust towards the door, which has been pushed wide by the Assistant-Tormentor; it is seized by him, the door closes with a rush; the crisis is past. 'Nothing much doing to-night,' remarks the Printer, once more a genial citizen of the world, and the Chief replies with a nonchalant 'Things are pretty quiet.' The two stroll across the room, chatting amicably about trivial things. Men are divesting themselves of aprons, and are assuming coats and bowler hats, all but a few who stand about near their machines; they await a secondary crisis which will arise an hour hence. The Chief leaves the room, his hands searching in his pockets for his pipe and his tobacco, and as he goes he murmurs a few lines of song. They are always the same lines:—

That every boy and every gal, that's born into this world alive,
Is either a little Liberal, or else a little Conservative.

By the time he has regained his own room, a low rumble from the basement announces that the paper is being printed. The great adventure of the night is over; any mistakes that may have been made are irrevocable. So the mind of the Chief is serene; he knows that not all his piety or wit can lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all his tears blot out one word of it.

The man in the chair has been going all over this once more, just as he did that morning by the roadside, and when he comes to the rumble of the machines in the basement, he rises to his feet, dazed by recollection, fancying for the moment that the time has come when he will step into the sleeping street to pursue his solitary homeward walk, with a 'Hail!' to the half-awakened baker stumbling to his work, and a 'Farewell!' to the semi-somnolent bobby on his beat. His mind comes back to the actuality of the present, to the quiet room, to the peaceful night, and to the prospect of to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow of peaceful days and ample leisure. Stiffly he crosses to the window and opens it. Perhaps the moon is still high, perhaps it has set, he cannot tell. If there be moonlight there should be visible a silver gleam from the stream whose music comes to his ears. A cold air invades the room. The man shivers a little, shuts the window, and, still moving stiffly and cautiously, makes his way to the door and upstairs, and so to bed. Before sleep comes he has time to reflect a little on the vanity of human desires. The dream of many years has been realised, peace and leisure have been purchased, but are they worth the price?

The price has been his eyesight; for he is blind.

ON TOUR IN EASTERN DARFUR, ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN.

BY MAJOR E. KEITH-ROACH.

(Late Bimbashi, Egyptian Army.)

[Darfur Province, situated between the Anglo-Egyptian and French Sudans, although nominally part of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, was, since the battle of Omdurman, ruled by its own Sultan, Ali Dinar, who in 1914—listening to German and Turkish intrigue—refused to acknowledge allegiance to the British Government, and raised a 'Holy War' against the 'Enemies of the Ottoman Empire.'

In 1916 operations were undertaken against him, his Slave Army beaten, and he, after hiding for some months, was subsequently killed.

British rule was thus re-established, and a Governor, with District Inspectors under him, appointed.

The following is an account of the first Tour made in the Eastern District by its Inspector.]

THE START.

EARLY in the morning the camels of the party were watered at the district headquarters (Um Kedada), until each looked as though he had swallowed an eighteen-gallon beer cask.

A policeman from the escort was detailed to each camel, and made responsible for seeing that the *kowiya* (pack-saddle) was put on properly, the *shawish* (sergeant) being in charge of the lot.

Every man knowing his job, one hoped for silence, but there was an absolute babel, no inhabitant of the Sudan being able to do a job quietly. Instead of *shidding* his own camel, a policeman much prefers to shout out needless instructions to another man four camels off. In addition, the domestic servants worry about the various personal odds and ends, without which they are never happy.

All are *shidded* at last, including a couple of hired animals that each carry a ten-gallon *fantass* (iron water-tank) on either side of the hump, and a smaller one poised across the top, and the baggage camels are sent off.

An hour later there is a brisk '*zin har*' from the *shawish*, and the Inspector inspects the escort and their camels.

Two of the police carry lances with the Union Jack and the

Egyptian flag respectively. These flags are friendly in more ways than one, because they are home-made from white calico and old bunting. The Inspector cannot get off yet. He has still to shake hands. The native may forget everything—an appointment,—to wash,—to feed his beast,—even native beer,—but he never forgets to shake hands. The village *omda*, some head-men, the office staff, sundry hangers-on, and various delinquents who desire to get themselves back into favour, are all there, and eagerly press his hand with a sweaty fervour, leaving behind a remembrance both to the eye and nose.

It is over at last, and as he passes the women at the well, they stop their ceaseless toil, and holding their right arms above their heads, utter the shrill cry between the teeth that denotes joy and God-speed.

ON THE MOVE.

Later, the Inspector catches up the *hamla* (baggage camels), and notices one of the Arabs, with a hired camel, is walking blissfully in front of his animal, while the bung is missing from one of the small *fantasses*, and all the precious drinking water has been spilled. It is pointed out to him rather forcibly, but he just smiles, and says: '*Marlaish : Rubbona karim*' ('Never mind; God is merciful').

Evenings and days are spent at villages hearing grievances, fixing up outstanding cases, and giving decisions on diverse subjects.

As one goes on day after day, and sees the various villages, a well is ordered to be dug here, a warrant of sheikh-ship is given there, and someone else is granted leave to found a new village. At one place the cattle have been dying like flies, so the people are instructed to burn all the droppings round the wells, which are a great source of infection, and also to burn the dead animals. This latter is probably not feasible, as they generally kill the beasts at the actual point of death, and eat them. As long as the throat is cut and blood rushes out, it is immaterial to them what state of health the animal was in.

FIXING A BOUNDARY.

A section of the tribe that was driven away by the late Sultan's 'beneficent' rule wants to come back to its old possessions, but the land has passed under the direction of another tribe, and the

old inhabitants do not want to have an alien *omda* (head-man) over them.

A *meqlis* (tribunal) is formed in the Inspector's *tukl*, the diameter of which is about seven yards. Fifty or more crowd into it, and sit on their heels.

Each sheikh in turn gives his views and opinions, emphasising a point here with a gesture, and forcing an argument home there with a flash of the eye, or an appeal to Allah if his story is not true.

There is an old man of the Sherrifi tribe who does not speak, but employs his time making patterns with his finger-tips in the sand in front of his toes. When all have spoken to, round, near and beside the point, the Inspector nods to the old man, who begins to speak. He holds no official position, being content to let others strive for power, while he thumbs his rosary and reads the Koran, but in the Inspector's little *tukl* his voice at once gains the attention of all. He talks slowly at first, illustrating a point with a finger-mark on the sand, but as he warms to his subject, his words come quicker, and at the end of a few minutes he has said all he wants to, and his voice dies away. He has not spoken long, but his speech is worth all the others put together. As it is long past three o'clock, and the Inspector has been hard at it since nine in the morning, the *tukl* is cleared for reflection and lunch.

• The result of the meeting is that a new *omodia*, or division, is decided upon. The old boundaries as far as possible will have to be re-demarcated, so that there may be no squabbles in the future, and also that a record may be kept at headquarters.

The start is made at dawn two days later.

It is a motley crowd that meets in a cold north wind. The Inspector, armed with a compass, is accompanied by his escort and standard-bearers. Everyone has turned out. Most are mounted on that forbearing beast of burden, the ass, driven, like Balaam's of old, by a staff. One or two ride horses decked out with trappings of leather and camel's hair, guided by the cruel bit the Arab loves so well because from sheer dread of being pulled up the horse carries his head in a proud arch. A few have camels, and one man is giving a 'brother' a lift, by letting him cling on behind the hump.

Only one man knows the ancient boundaries, and he is so feeble from age that he has to be lifted on to his donkey. He is sworn on the book of Allah to show faithfully the old landmarks, then the Koran is put on his lap, and the procession starts.

The old man leads, and immediately behind him walks a man pushing the surveying wheel with cyclometer attached, so that the Inspector may register the various distances of the compass bearings, and plot them later.

The proposed new *omda* and the one from whose lands the new division is to be made dash up on their horses alongside the leader, so that they can argue and influence his judgment, but they are waved back.

From sandy hillock to old tebeldy tree, from tree to stony peak, from peak to hollow, the procession goes, then the old man is at fault, so a new point is fixed, and a bearing taken.

As the scattered line of a hundred men or so approach a small *jebel* (hill) that stands out sharply in the sunlight, there is a whoop from an Arab riding a well-made mare, and, pointing his spear, he dashes off, as a herd of Teytal—a large species of antelope—break cover. The Inspector and all those mounted on horses join him in the hunt; one beast is separated from the rest, and after a long chase the Arab gets alongside and throws his spear. Alas! he throws too low, and the weapon passes harmlessly under the animal's body.

After this half-hour's diversion the hunters, with blowing horses, return to the business of the day. The rest of the party have waited at the little *jebel*, and, as it has no name, it is christened 'Jebel El Teytal,' and a record duly made. As they go along, the Inspector explains about the old English custom of 'Beating the Bounds,' which is listened to with interest. Some wag's suggestion that the two *omdas* shall be beaten at the next village is greeted with roars of laughter.

Noon finds one side of the boundary finished, and after a rest of a couple of hours under various trees, the party returns in driblets.

DANCING.

A dance is invariably arranged to greet the Inspector on arrival at a village.

There is one dance that derives its source from negro origin.

The girls stand up in a row, and one begins to chant a song, which is repeated by the chorus; the same verse composed on the spur of the moment is repeated over and over again for perhaps half an hour, accompanied by hand-clapping.

The following is a typical song heard on tour. The reader must

understand that aeroplanes were used during the military operations, and made a considerable impression, for the place where this song was sung is at least a hundred miles from where the machines had ever been.

‘Hamza, waladee,
Husan khabir shidee
Wala timshee wa tkhalenee
Wa el tobe kabir ghatinee
Wa babour el Tayer ma yesheelnee.’

Translation :—

‘Hamza, my son,
Saddle the big horse,
Do not go and leave me,
Take the big cloth and cover me,
Then the engine-bird will not take me away.’

While this is going on the young lads of the village have strolled up, and stand facing the girls. One of them plucks up courage and advances with a sheepish grin on his face to the lady of his fancy. He stands before her, and putting his hands on his hips, leaps into the air in time to the music. The girl follows suit, and when their breath is exhausted the bashful swain retires. He is followed by other brave adventurers hour after hour.

If Fatma or Miriam thinks her particular choice is a little tardy in repeating the performance, she leaves the security of her row and goes up to him with mincing steps, and when close by shakes and wags her head from side to side. He and she then return together to the centre, moving round one another much as setting to partners in the lancers. They pause there a moment, and she returns to her place in the line with a smile and a laughing remark to her sisters, while he, looking more self-conscious than ever, returns to his mates.

In another dance the soloist's idea was to stamp with small steps through the sand, and at intervals throw her head back until at last, urged on by the shrill cries of the *harimat*, the deep growl and hand-clapping of the men, she succeeds in touching the ground with her forehead.

After this six women do a kind of folk-dance all in line, which consists mostly in wriggling their bodies and kneeling down at intervals for favour of applause.

When a dancer has executed some movement that appeals

strongly to a member of the audience, he dashes into the centre of the ring, puts his left hand on her head, and loudly snaps the fingers of his right hand above his own head, or, carried away in an ecstasy of delight, draws his knife—which all men carry above the elbow on the left arm—and makes a series of passes round the girl's head, the quivering blade just missing her every time.

The whole time their dances are going on the performers dance with half-closed eyelids, fascinated by the dull booming of the drums—a big drum made from a hollow tree trunk with a skin stretched across, and two smaller ones of clay and stretched bladders—which the drummers beat in a fever-heat of enthusiasm.

In a fourth the men join hands before their 'clapping sisters,' bend double, one in front of the other, and all cackle like fowls, the jester finishing up with a cock-crow on a high note.

Any occasion does for a dance, broiling sunshine, or silver moon—it is all the same. I have seen them start on my arrival at a village at seven in the morning, and go on all the afternoon. During the singing children run in and out; mothers pause to feed the child slung at their backs, and the chorus stops to argue about the next song, or laugh at something funny. The older the lady and the more repulsive her features, the greater the desire to dance, and show the 'young 'uns' how to do it.

THE KULWA.

Education plays no unimportant part in village life, and the *fikki* who teaches is a person of distinction. The school consists of a semicircular fence made in some corner of the village, with a raised mound of sand mixed with water and beaten hard built up in the middle of it, which is generally piled high with ashes, the remains of the fire that provides light for the lessons. There is a big pile of wood in one corner, as each pupil, when he comes in at night from his daily task of herding his father's goats, brings with him an addition to the stock.

The slates are flat pieces of wood about eighteen inches long, and a third of that across, with a handle at the top. They are prepared for use by washing and rubbing over with a mixture of powdered white stone and water. The stone is rather like bath-brick, and only found in one place in Eastern Darfur, so the owners of the place do a considerable trade in it.

Women manufacture the ink, which is a mixture of soot, gum,

and water boiled over the fire. Gourds serve as ink-pots, the *fikki* using a much larger one than his disciples. The *fikki* makes all the pens that are needed from thick grass, on the same principle as a quill pen.

School begins in the evening after the boys have finished their work and eaten their evening meal of mashed millet washed down by copious draughts of native beer. The lesson lasts about a couple of hours, then the students are allowed to lie down and sleep in the school. Two hours before dawn they are wakened up, wood is heaped on the fire, and they recommence their lessons, and go on until sunrise, when their round of attending to the flocks begins again. There may be a dozen or more pupils, their ages varying between ten and eighteen.

In some villages the *fikki* is an old man, in others he may have lately been a pupil himself. When the class is ready he starts moaning out some passages of the Koran, which the students more or less indifferently write down.

When the passage is written, led by their master, the boys recite it over again in one long sing-song, without a speck of light or shade. That completes the lesson. The *fikki* takes a perfunctory glance at each pupil's work, but does not seem to mind whether it is decently written or not.

Dull pupils are not beaten much, but woe betide the boy who neglects to bring his piece of firewood. Each parent presents the *fikki* with a monthly dole of grain in payment.

The student is expected to recite the Koran by heart at the end of seven years' work, but this is at best a boast, as few of the *fikkis* can do this themselves.

The school, however, is not the *fikki's* only source of income. In fact, it is his smallest.

He writes amulets, consisting of long passages from the Koran, or else a horoscope, to be worn as a luck-charm round the neck or on the arm. These are sold at varying prices according to the fame of the writer, a well-known man making a large income. When a child is born, a *warag* is written and hung in the *tukl* of the mother, to avert the evil eye. A man or woman is sick, and native medicines bring no relief, so the *fikki* is called in. He diagnoses the case, writes a few appropriate verses on a piece of paper, which is swallowed by the patient.

A camel is lost. The owner has perhaps searched for many days without success, so he goes to the *fikki* and pays him most

extravagant sums, in some cases up to half the value of the animal, for advice. The *fikki* advises him where to go and search, but warns him that if he fails to find it, it is God's Will that he should lose it, and he—the *fikki*—has no jurisdiction over God; and the searcher goes off contented.

He also directs and leads the Faithful in prayer. It is his duty to call out in the *masid* (meeting-place) that adjoins the school five times a day, that there is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet. If he has a promising pupil he may deputise this holy duty to him, but these duties are more often only carried out when there is someone of importance in the village whom they desire to impress.

THE DAY'S WORK.

Office on tour is held in many various places, and under different conditions. Sometimes it is under a tree, at other times in a *tukl*, or a lean-to, or a tent; but varied as are the places of assembly they are not so varied as the cases heard.

The following are a few actual cases out of twenty-four that were heard one 'morning' lasting from nine to four without a break.

A temperature of well over one hundred; sixty or seventy men, with a woman or two, sitting closely round, none of whom had probably had a bath for six months, and the reader can imagine the seductive, spring-like atmosphere of the temporary court, and how much this refreshing aroma adds to drive away any annoyance or vexation that the Magistrate may feel, especially at half-past three. However, justice is justice, and every endeavour is made to give Ibrahim the same patient hearing at a quarter to four that his brother Yusef had at nine o'clock.

Case One.

Gebril Adam v. Hassan Yusef.

The defendant is not present.

Plaintiff states:

'Last year I lent Hassan twenty-six rials (five pounds Egyptian and twenty piastres). His daughter was married to a man, but was not satisfied with him, and wanted to return to her father Hassan. Twenty-six rials had been paid by her husband to Hassan as dowry, and he refused to divorce her until he got his money back.

Hassan appealed to me, so I lent him the money, which he paid over to the girl's husband, and took his daughter back.

'The defendant promised to pay me back the money in one month and six days. After two months, as I had not received the money, I went to Hassan, and asked for it before all people. Hassan said to me "I have no money: take my daughter." The people round then said to me "No: perhaps the *bint* (girl) will not like you." But I said "All right, I will take the girl and I will marry her."

'The girl stayed with her mother for five months, and I daily sent her food.

'Then Hassan, unknown to me, married her to another man. I do not know how much money he received from the new husband, but he paid me back my twenty-six rials.'

Asked what is his complaint, he says that defendant had his twenty-six rials for seven months. Money makes money. He could have bought and sold. He wants interest on the amount.

He is informed that it is not written in the Book of Allah that a Mohammedan must not take interest, and would he, a Muslim, break the law? Did he not enjoy the girl for five months at a cost of a little food?

The case is therefore dismissed, and he is as happy as everybody else at the decision.

Case Two.

Abdelkadir Abbuker complains that the assessment of his grain crop and, in consequence, the tenth part ordered as payable to the Government, is excessive. He had practically no corn this year, although he sowed three times. Allah did not send enough rain early, and later, when the crop was very young, the locusts came and ate most of it up.

Full inquiries are made from the *omda* and the neighbouring sheikhs, and tax is reduced to a more fitting figure.

Case Three.

Ibrahim Abdullahi v. Mohammed Ishagir.

Plaintiff complains that formerly defendant possessed a *naga* (a female camel). He—plaintiff—saw that she was a fine beast, and desired to purchase her, but he had not enough money at the time. However, he approached the owner, and, as Mohammed was wanting money, he bought a half-share of the animal for ten

and a half rials. The animal was left with defendant as it was in young. The defendant, however, worked the animal to carry his gum to market, and it died from the strain.

Thereupon plaintiff reproached defendant and they put a fresh value on the *naga* amounting to thirty rials, each man's share being fifteen rials.

Plaintiff desires Mohammed to pay him back fifteen rials, as had the *naga* not been worked it would have been alive to-day.

A witness confirms the working of the camel by defendant while she was in young.

The defendant says that twenty-one rials was the price fixed for the *naga* when she was in young. As soon as plaintiff bought his share, he demanded the use of the *naga*, and worked her for three months, at the end of which he handed her back to defendant. It is true that after that he worked her, but she died from the effects of the hard work that plaintiff had previously given her.

There is some spirited cross-examination on both sides, and the Inspector orders defendant to pay plaintiff half the money paid by Ibrahim for his share, viz. five and a quarter rials, as all the evidence shows that had defendant not worked her so hard, near to the time of her delivery, she would most probably not have died.

Case Four.

Sheikh Abdulla Yusef complains that he has a man in his village who refuses to obey his orders, saying that he is under another headman.

The delinquent's explanation is heard, and he is warned to obey the orders of his sheikh and dispel any ideas that he might have had that he is under anyone else.

Case Five.

Ahmed Ghaali v. Ali Beshir.

Ahmed Ghaali's trouble is that he owns five gum gardens, and being only able to tap the gum from three of them he hired out the other two for two pounds to another man called Yusef. Now the man Yusef refuses to pay the money, saying that the defendant, Ali Beshir, has been tapping the gum; also that, not content with this, he has stolen three hundred pounds weight that he—Yusef—had hidden in the ground.

Yusef with much vigour confirms plaintiff's story, and from

the amount of verbal exuberance Ali Beshir must be very hardened in crime, with a heart of stone that the cries of the fatherless could not soften.

Defendant, who has made sundry interruptions all the time, accompanied by a good deal of facial gesture, when he is allowed to speak, makes himself out as a much ill-used person, whose heart, far from being made of granite, is bleeding for justice. He has been made the unfortunate victim of greedy men who desired nothing better than to steal his ancient rights, while he was away at the circumcision of his daughter. For eleven years he has owned, not only the two gardens in question, but the whole five, and his father tapped gum there before him. He demands recompense for the cruel injustice.

He remains silent about the alleged theft of three hundred pounds of gum, but, when pressed, hotly denies it.

The *omda* and various sheikhs and old men are examined, and they are able to give the history of these five gardens for many years back. It is found that they are outside the village boundaries of both defendant and plaintiff, and neither has any rights there at all.

The *omda* alone has the right to hire out the gardens for profit, and if Yusef wants to hire he must go to him.

Judgment is therefore given that both Ahmed and Ali are to clear out, and both are satisfied at the verdict, as each has done the other.

Case Six.

Fatma *bint* Osman *v.* Abdel Hamid Adam.

Plaintiff is an old woman dressed in a bit of ragged old native cotton that just hangs together.

She starts off in one long breath that strikes the nose as well as the ear.

'Abdel Hamid had an ostrich, and as I was going to the well to draw water the bird attacked me, striking me in the stomach with its leg and throwing me to the ground. He raised this lump in my stomach, and broke my leg.'

The dame then throws off her *tobe* and discloses a most awful scar in her abdomen. She also shows where the right leg was broken.

Asked how long ago this took place, she says 'Seven years'! —that is six years before the British reoccupation!

She states that a native tribunal was held, and she was awarded ten cows as compensation, but she had only received two rials—eight shillings. She says that the old wound is very painful and she cannot walk properly.

An old man, Ahmed Mohammed, confirms plaintiff's story, saying that she was going to the well when the ostrich attacked her, kicking out her entrails. The *kadi* heard the case, and gave her two rials from defendant, and ordered a further ten cows to be paid.

Defendant's story is as follows :

'I live in another village, but came to this woman's to drink. The ostrich did not belong to me, but to my brother (cousin). It is true that the woman was attacked by the bird. The *kadi* made a *meqlis*, but swore no one on the Koran. My brother gave the woman ten rials and then went away. This is the judgment of the *kadi*.'

He produces a dirty piece of paper with an Arabic scrawl all over it. It had evidently been carefully hugged for years, as it is torn in places, and has been sewn together. It is so fragile and dirty that it is difficult to read, but eventually we make it out as follows :

'The *kadi* made a tribunal before all people. The woman Fatma, the owner of the ostrich, and the man who put back the entrails of the woman are present. The *kadi* hears all statements. He orders the defendant to pay the plaintiff two cows, the price of each cow being fixed at six pieces of native woven cotton. The plaintiff says that if she is given twelve pieces of cotton she will be content. The defendant does not agree to the judgment and says he will appeal to the Sultan. The *kadi* therefore decides to hold another court. He does so. He quashes his first judgment and now gives the woman two rials only as compensation. He orders the defendant and one Mansour to pay one rial each.'

Then follow various seals, which it is impossible to read.

One then learns that Abdel Hamid, the defendant in the present case, paid up one rial for his brother, the defendant in the original case, but Mansour did not pay up, and both he and the other original defendant have since died.

The assembly then wait eagerly to hear the Inspector's judgment on what has been a topic of conversation and grievance for many years, and will continue to be so as long as the old woman lives.

The Inspector points out that the case is seven years old, and both men concerned are dead ; it was also under the old Government and cannot be re-opened now. The judgment must stand. He shows, however, that the *kadi* did not give the old woman justice by going back on his original judgment, eight shillings being hardly a *quid pro quo* for having half one's entrails torn out.

He proposes to give the old woman two rials, let Abdel Hamid do the same, and those sheikhs present throw some money down on the grass mat as a gift to the old woman.

This meets with hearty applause—everybody pays up—justice is upheld—the flags still fly—and the Inspector passes on to the next case.

Case Seven.

Hussein Ali v. Ibrahim Ahmed.

Plaintiff.—‘ About two months ago Ibrahim, who is my uncle, hit my sister in the face and made her nose bleed very badly. Our father is dead, and we are very poor. There is no one but the Government to protect us from such as he. He hit her without a cause. I have the blood here.’

At this juncture the boy produces an old tied up sheep-skin. With great solemnity he proceeds to unwrap it, and discloses a lot of fawn-coloured sand. He points out minute particles which he says are discoloured with the blood of his sister.

The village sheikh says that the defendant complained to him about the girl's mother as the father is dead, and he, defendant, being the uncle, is responsible for the family. He and his dead brother belong to the *Berti* tribe, but the mother of the girls belongs to another tribe, and wanted to take the girls off and marry them to men from her own tribe. As guardian he objected, but she persisted, and as she was old and could not be beaten, he struck her daughter in the hope that she would influence her mother and make her give up all hope of going away.

The mother's and daughter's stories are heard, and they all accuse the defendant of ill-treating them, and abusing his position.

Between the lines one gathers that the mother's real reason for wanting to leave the village was to let her daughters start the remunerative profession of prostitution in a place where they are not known, probably El Fasher, the capital.

The women are told that they must remain in their village, and,

Allah willing, the girls shall each find husbands. The uncle is told that he must not hit the daughters, but complain to the *omda* if they disobey him.

There are a few more cases, then the Inspector clears the court, and whistles up lunch, but, as he looks out of the *tukl* he sees the plaintiff in the case mentioned above carefully wrapping up the 'evidence' again in the old skin, to be kept as a constant source of irritation for the uncle. However, after a few kind words, the plaintiff reluctantly pours it out on the ground, and departs with his chattering family.

DR. S—

BY THE LATE E. D. RENDALL.

THERE are some men whose charm one would like to preserve, although the quietness of their lives would make a memoir impossible. Of these there were many among the old country doctors. Under the smooth kindly manner which made them welcome everywhere, they often concealed the difficulties and struggles of a troublesome private life, though their neighbours knew nothing of it. Their business was to give, not to exact, sympathy; to cure, not to complain, and to this routine of professional kindness they remained unflinchingly faithful.

It is often said of lawyers that they know the secrets of half the country-side: much more truly might it be said of doctors. The lawyer may have exact particulars about men's wills, moneys, and shady connexions, but the doctor knows them with their masks off. A man with the fear of death upon him, or in the stress of cruel pain, shows himself for what he is worth. At such times all hearts lie open, and therefore it may be said that the doctor on his rounds has a better knowledge of the people he meets than the lawyer, or indeed anyone else at all. To go about among rich and poor alike, the rescue of the afflicted, the only help in matters of life and death, the confidential friend of men and women, and the playfellow of children, and to be all this without fail for the greater part of a long life, makes a character which would be worth portraying if the pen had the wit and delicacy to do it. Let me try to recapture some of the charm and quaintness of my old friend Dr. S., long since gone to his rest.

He was in the youth of old age when I knew him, robust and ruddy, with a fringe of snow-white hair encircling his bald pate. An enthusiastic sportsman in his youth, he was by this time too old or too busy to hunt, but still showed traces of his early quality. He drove a good horse in his high dog-cart. He knew where the boys ought to go to fish, and the right fly. One afternoon, fishing for jack, my brother got a hook fast in his finger, and we walked over to his surgery to get it out. 'Hook in your finger, and you don't know what to do! Push it through, man.' He suited the action to the word! 'Snip off the barb, and there you are.' He drew the hook out, and clapped my brother on the back.

In case of serious accident in those days it was difficult to get hold of a doctor. There were no telegraphs, much less telephones, and men had to be sent riding in all directions to catch him on his rounds. When poor old William had his arm pulled off by the thrashing-machine, the crowd gathered about the cottage waited more than an hour before the welcome ruddy face appeared. The doctor was very short with the crowd when he came out. 'All of you boys here, and not one of you man enough to tie the poor fellow's arm up. I hope he'll do now, but it's not your fault that he isn't dead,' and with that the doctor fiercely buttoned up his pea-coat, jumped into his gig, wound his legs in the horse-cloth in which he always drove, and whipped up his horse in a high state of indignation.

His special study was tuberculosis. Consumption was lamentably frequent in those days. None were spared, rich or poor, and the common sight of poor souls fading away in stuffy overheated bedrooms, while healthy people walked about in the wind and the rain, made him over-anxious. In spite of all his cheery optimism, he was prone to recognise coughs and colds as premonitory symptoms. He took lozenges himself perpetually, as a protection against the weather, and bestowed endless liquorice on the boys and girls of his acquaintance, often to their secret disgust. 'It is good for the chest, and does their insides no harm.' He was a strong believer in port wine to 'build up' the system, and would order schoolboys a glass of Tarragona at eleven, or rum and milk before getting up, with the cordial approval of their mothers, who hoped to exorcise the bogey of 'decline' by feeding their children with stimulants. At one time he was minded to write a paper on tuberculosis, but it came to nothing. 'The fact is, my dear madam, as soon as ever I see the way clear before me, new facts come to my notice, which make me modify my theory. But I hold fast to my original idea that treatment must be directed to averting the disease, which is best done by good nourishment with occasional stimulants. When the patients are definitely attacked, there is little to be done for them.'

In the last years of the doctor's life, when I knew him, his chief hobby, outside all his busy practice, was music. Not as a performer, you understand, but as amateur and appreciative, never critical, listener. It is true that when glees were started in the drawing-room, he would sidle up to the performers, and say 'Would you let an old man take a part?' But in his favourite 'Shepherds, tell

me ' he could not do more than sing the tune, and retired with great speed when the music was unfamiliar. ' Ah, that's come up since my time. I don't think I'll try that at sight.' When he listened, it was beautiful to see his old face lit up with delight, his hand gently beating time to the music. At the close he always cried ' Bravo! Bravo!' or ' It's really very charming. I never heard it before.'

His great day was the day of the flower-show, when our little metropolis was in gala. It must be very serious illness to keep the doctor altogether away from that entertainment. I do not remember that he had any special interest in the garden, though his gardener took prizes for flowers and fruit, but he walked about the grounds with a general air of benevolence, as if the fun were all of his making, and he was glad to see the people enjoying themselves. Some regimental band was always engaged for the afternoon, and to it of course the doctor paid particular attention, walking round the stand and carefully marking each instrument in turn. ' The cornet has a very good position,' he would say. ' I like to see a man hold his head up as if he were proud of his work, and the trombones are uncommonly quick in their recovery. A very good band, and capital music.' It was pleasant also to see him go up and congratulate the bandmaster before he left the ground. With a genial smile mantling on his ingenuous face and a certain air of natural dignity, he would approach the stand and pay his compliments with old-fashioned courtesy. The bandmaster, evidently impressed with his importance and the sincerity of his approval, remained some moments in conversation with him before giving him the military salute, which the doctor returned in kind. ' I know a good band when I hear it, my boy. I've been in the service myself.' I think the doctor in his early days must have been a Volunteer, as he was always a considerable subscriber to the local corps, but I never knew him to have any other connexion with the Army.

After the flower-show there was always a largely attended collation at the doctor's house. It couldn't be called a tea—though his housekeeper sat at one end of the table behind a fine array of presentation plate—for the huge silver salver in the middle was laden with glasses of claret cup for the boys and girls, and port for the elders. The cakes and rolls were also finely varied with sweets, tasty sandwiches, and fruit, for the doctor's ' houses ' provided grapes and peaches in profusion. His guests could adopt which course of eatables they preferred. After the meal was over, those

of the company who had not too far to go home stayed for the concert in the Town Hall, given by the band with the assistance of Signora Giuliani and Mr. Jones of the cathedral choir.

Here again the doctor was in his element, ready to explain and appreciate, with sometimes embarrassing freedom, for his neighbours' benefit. The band proved themselves wonderful fellows. In the evening many of them played stringed instruments, though certainly the trumpets and horns were a bit strong for the rest. 'I always insist,' said the doctor, 'on having two-handed men, and really it is a pleasure to hear the overture to "Zampa," as they play it.' On the appearance of the lady singer the doctor would whisper, 'You know these lady singers. They always take Italian names, but she's no Italian; English born, anyone can see. If I'm not mistaken, I brought her into the world myself. But she's come on a lot since I heard her last, and she had a pretty little pipe then.' With the bass singer he was much impressed. After Pinsuti's 'Raft,' he cried out, 'Now, that's what I call a real dramatic song. He has a fine bass voice, of course; but he has something more, and that's style. He reminds me of Phillips, who used to sing at Willis's Rooms when I was in London. I should like to hear him in Handel.' Later they sang a duet, which was not so much to the doctor's taste. 'It's a good piece, but I wish they would give us "Graceful Consort."' The National Anthem he sang with vigour, as a matter of serious import, and then shook hands with his whole party with an air of one who, having made himself responsible for an evening's entertainment, finds it proves a notable success, and is much gratified at his guests' pleasure.

But I had never heard the doctor perform himself, on any instrument, until I went to a dinner party at his house, though he had sometimes dimly hinted at 'experience in concerted music.' The company on that occasion included a young lady of some local fame as soprano, and the doctor singled her out, when she came in, with a specially low bow, saying that he hoped she was prepared 'to give them the great pleasure of some music later.' He would not let the gentlemen linger long over their wine, but hurried them off with the time-honoured excuse of there being 'metal more attractive elsewhere.'

In the drawing-room he went to business at once, opening the ancient square piano, and setting a pair of silver candlesticks on the flaps. The young lady sang 'Bid me discourse' and 'Where the bee sucks.' It was always noticeable that the doctor's predilec-

tions in music affected both performers and audience. They knew what he really liked, though he approved everything, and did their best to please him. Thus the lady who followed chose a piece of Mozart, which suited the thin tones of the piano on which she played, and was very much to his taste. After this he invited the singer to give them another song, and added, to our extreme astonishment, 'Would you permit me to accompany you on my favourite instrument?' The lady was taken aback at the unexpected request, but said 'Oh do, doctor, please,' half expecting him to sit down at the piano. But that was not his intention, and after looking at the song, which was another old-fashioned ballad, he retired down the passage to fetch the instrument. There was a considerable bumping outside, and at last the doctor's face, ruddy and triumphant, appeared in the doorway over the top of a monstrous big drum. The song began and the doctor set to work with all the seriousness of the accomplished musician. A low roll of thunder accompanied the symphony, working up towards the close to a great thump, but sinking to silence as the voice began.

Here we were all vastly entertained to see how cautiously and delicately he went. Sometimes merely tapping the rhythm, at others venturing a thud, which he hastily damped with his wrist for fear of disturbing the singer. But the careful and restrained method ceased when the singer had done, and the drum swelled up again into a roar when the symphony was in progress. The performance was voted a great success by unanimous consent, and the doctor was begged to give another specimen of his skill, but he could not be persuaded, and the drum went down the passage again into retirement. 'You must forgive an old man's foolishness, my dear,' he said to the lady singer. 'I haven't touched the thing for years, but I couldn't resist the temptation to have a try at it again. It isn't so much the roll that is the difficulty,' he explained to the company, 'as the in-and-out work. I soon found that out when I began the instrument.'

Once afterwards I heard the doctor's drum. I was stopping the night at his house with him alone, and he brought out Corfe's 'Beauties of Handel,' and pointed out his favourite airs for me to play. Suddenly an idea seized him. 'D'you know what I consider the grandest of his works? "The Dead March"! I should like to play it with you.' The drum was fetched, and we solemnly played it through together, and then he bundled off the drum. 'We won't play any more.' We never did.

Some months after, he had a very anxious and difficult case, nine miles away. The patient was a very old friend, and exacting. He wished to have the doctor sleeping there every night. The consequence was that night and morning he had to take this long drive in all weathers. The patient got well, but the doctor himself died of a heart affection he had not had time to notice. So the next time I heard 'The Dead March,' it was at the doctor's funeral, and the neighbourhood was a good friend the poorer.

PREHISTORIC INSTINCTS.

IN one of his essays the late Professor William James hints at the existence in us of deep untapped wells of consciousness, which are dormant through the greater portions of our lives. These wells lie deeper than ordinary intelligence. They are on the level of mere sensory perceptions and reactions.

It is very fascinating to meditate upon these profundities of human nature, those moments of irrational but intense joy which everyone experiences at one time or another. It is difficult to record these memories on paper without tearing off the veil of magic which is half their charm; they are apt to lose their beauty and fade away if dragged ruthlessly up into the strong light of consciousness. They belong to the twilight of our past, and it is the poet who should undertake the revelation of their secrets. But they are, I think, more commonly awakened than is generally supposed, and by attempting to lay hands on their protean manifestations, one may perhaps arouse responsive echoes in many minds.

I believe that a great many of the pleasures which we derive from communing in solitude with Nature have their roots in the remote past, when man lived in far closer contact with her than he does to-day. Think for a moment of the time-aspect of man's life upon earth. Think of the countless ages during which he lived in caves or roamed the prairies as a hunter, and of the still earlier days when he lived in the branches of the forest—and then compare their duration with the short period of his life in towns and villages. Looked at in this way even agriculture seems a modern invention. The imagination cannot grasp the idea of millennia; they are too disproportionate to the span of individual existence. But suppose that man's life upon the earth—the total period, say, from the *Pithecanthropus* of Java till to-day—be represented by a year, then agriculture will only have been discovered at the beginning of the last week, and civilised life with written history on the last day but one of the year. Is it to be wondered, then, that the so-recently acquired habits of civilised society have but a slight hold on us, or that the others, acquired during the remaining fifty-one weeks, should sometimes break through this thin crust? Perhaps they are not, after all, so deeply buried as they seem.

To each one of us these momentary glimpses of the past may

have come at one time or another—slumbering race-memories awakened by a touch of nature. In such matters one can speak with authority of one's own perceptions only, of those of others only by the light of sympathetic insight. The method of introspective reminiscence is best.

I remember once feeling myself reverting under the spell of this mysterious awakening. I had gone by myself to spend a few days trekking over the hills at the back of the island of Gran Canaria. The region was remote and inaccessible by road, and I was landed on a deserted shore by a boat from a coasting-vessel. It was like setting foot on a new world, a world bathed in the glorious sunshine of the Islands of the Blessed, and fragrant with the smell of flowering shrubs. I started out on my journey to the hills across a narrow sandy, coastal plain dotted with weird cacti. I soon reached the entrance of a steep ravine, at the bottom of which amongst large smooth boulders a small stream trickled. The day was hot and I undressed and bathed in one of the deep pools of clear, cool water. Afterwards, moved by a vague desire, I climbed up and sat drying in the sun at the mouth of a cave. I cannot now recall in all their vividness the impressions which I then felt; it was as if all other existence were unreal, and as if I had always been sitting there naked in the mouth of the cave, looking serenely down upon the pool and the boulders and the tall grass. I felt as if my other life had been a dream and I had at last awakened to the reality of existence. The silly garments of convention had fallen from me and left me face to face with that which always had been from the beginning. This, I felt, is what life is for—to sit in the mouth of one's cave, watchful, alert, with thought in suspense, but with a deep peace enfolding one's whole being. Everything seemed strangely familiar, as if it had all been 'lost long since and found again.'

As the shadows lengthened and twilight came on, I felt a kind of melancholy, akin to fear but different from it. I left the cave and arranged myself for sleep on one of the large flat rocks in the bed of the stream, in which it formed a tiny island. It was an eerie feeling, to lie there and look up at the great sides of the ravine towering precipitously a thousand feet above me; to feel the darkness approaching with silent tread, the stillness unbroken save by the occasional cry of an eagle or night bird hovering overhead, or by the awakening of the bullfrogs' guttural chorus. Presently I fell into a dog-like sleep, my senses half alert and

sensitive to each of the subdued murmurs around, the rustlings of quiet, nocturnal creatures going about their business. The spell was broken by the approach of daylight and the babel of voices which heralded the sunrise.

With the dawn, too, all traces of sadness vanished, being succeeded by the desire of physical exertion. I clambered up the rocky slopes of the ravine, which became almost precipitous towards the top. That, however, once gained, a feeling of satisfaction supervened, mingled with triumph and elation at having accomplished a difficult task. Though I was hardly aware of it at the time, it was partly a curiosity to look over the edges of the ravine on to the hidden uplands beyond that had drawn me on. Partly curiosity; partly also, perhaps, that increasing sense of security that comes with the achievement of each stage in an upward climb. My curiosity was richly rewarded by the prospect which opened out before me; here was an entirely different landscape from that which I had left behind, as different and as captivating as that which Jack found at the top of the beanstalk. The ground sloped gradually away, its smooth rocky surface covered with small shrubs, all ablaze with sweet-scented blossom. The air was laden with their delicious odour, and as a fitting accompaniment could be heard the tinklings of the bells of sheep and goats. Not far off I descried a cave in the side of a low bluff, and a man standing on the rocky platform at its mouth. He had evidently seen me first, and was looking in my direction, shading his eyes with one hand. I made towards him, for I was thirsty after the climb. I found that he lived in the cave, where he had a great store of cheese and fresh milk, and after a short chat I went on my way refreshed.

This hospitable shepherd was living the life of Sicilian Polyphemus whom Odysseus found surrounded by the flocks and herds whose milk and cheese he stored away in the dim recesses of his cave. It is a pleasant life; and were I to live again I am not sure I should not choose to spend my days tending sheep and goats upon a mountain-side, returning at night to the shelter of a cave. In that way man lived for ages, first as a hunter and later as a shepherd. Round the shores of the Mediterranean the survivors of an older order probably continued to live in caves in the hills for a long time after stone-built houses had been inhabited by the plain-dwellers. What more comfortable home could an upland shepherd wish for? It was these older, half-savage cave-dwellers whose memory still survived in the time of Homer and gave rise

to the legends of fierce Cyclopes, outside the pale of civilised society—outlaws who defied Zeus and the gods of agriculture. Indeed, it would be strange if a custom once so universal as cave-dwelling had not survived in legend. Perhaps the tales of *vestigia nulla retrorsum* may be a faint echo of that older stone age when it was risky to enter a cave—even your own—without first making sure that a beast of prey was not lurking within. Perhaps, too, that instinctive dread of entering a cave, which we still feel, is a survival—or a reawakening—of an ancient self-protective instinct engrained by centuries of habit. Hence too, perhaps, that thrill of intense terror when we think we detect signs of movement in the dark interior or imagine a crouching body there; hence the disposition to such imaginings, and the unreasonable joy of coming out again into the dazzling light of day. From what source was derived my pleasure in sitting in the mouth of the cave and looking out over the valley? Was it not from the gratification of a buried instinct—inherited from distant ages when the cave stood for home and safety after the perils of the chase, when it was the ultimate goal of the laden hunter whose return to it signified the safe achievement of his purpose? And the sadness of evening—what is that but the vague apprehension of danger felt by primitive man at the approach of night, when savage beasts of prey begin to prowl around and when his keen sight is rendered useless? During the hours of darkness he knows that he will not be able to spot his enemy from afar and take hidden aim, but must listen and wait until he comes within striking distance. He survives, like all natural things, by the keenness of his senses, and at night he will be deprived of that one on which as a man he most relies. Hence his growing uneasiness at every sunset; the tension of the nerves at night; and the relief brought by dawn, which finds its expression in the release of muscular energy.

There is a strange form of malady known as *claustrophobia*, in which the sufferer has a horror of being confined in rooms or houses, and is satisfied only when he is in the open air. I suspect that this is an exaggeration of the feeling latent in everyone—the horror of tunnels and the fear of being crushed by the collapse of superincumbent matter. Twice in my life I have felt this horror acutely. The first time was when I was a small child playing in the nursery and got into a large trunk and pulled the lid down. It locked itself with a click, and all my efforts to raise

it were in vain. I was released by my nurse in an agony of fear. The second time was in France at the beginning of the war. The company to which I belonged was going into the line at Givenchy, and to reach the firing-trench it was necessary to crawl by night along a narrow trench covered with timber roofing. This roof was only about three feet above the flooring, and we had to make our way along the loathsome burrow fully equipped with overcoats and rifles, our packs slung kangaroo-fashion beneath us. It was about seventy yards long, and there were constant delays. To the natural tension which always exists in the vicinity of the front line was added this horror as well; and over all was spread the cloak of black darkness, fostering the vague fear of formless perils. Our very numbers—for we were packed closely together—were a source of misgiving, for all the component materials of panic fear were present potentially. I had to call up all my powers of self-control to avoid an abject collapse. It was only by consciously and continually evoking the habit of discipline acquired by our short military training that we were able to behave as reasonable human beings. Afterwards I compared notes with the man who had been next to me all through that dreadful progress. He admitted having experienced precisely the same feelings. Most of us had also felt them, but some less acutely than others.

This tunnel episode is an instance of the cumulative effect of three different instincts simultaneously impinging—the fear of caves and darkness, and panic fear. The fear of caves goes back, I think, to the period of open prairie life which actually preceded the cave period. When living on the prairies, man felt safe only so long as he could see all around him, his outlook unimpeded in every direction. Caves were the lairs of wild beasts and therefore to be shunned. But this explanation is complicated by the fact that men *did* later on come to enter and inhabit caves. There can, however, be little doubt that extreme caution must still have been necessary, for we know that beasts of prey also lived in them contemporaneously. There would therefore survive a habit of careful investigation before entry, prompted by an instinct of punctilious curiosity which would only be satisfied by this exhaustive preliminary examination of dark nooks and crannies. It is the same instinct which still warns a dog to take nothing on trust when entering a room for the first time, but to carry out a minute inspection under tables and sofas. There was also ever present in the thoughts of cave-man the danger of large boulders becoming

detached from the roof and crushing him in their fall. Such disasters did actually occur sometimes ; they must often have been imminent like the sword of Damocles. I trace this fear of caves and tunnels, then, to prairie times, and regard the cave-dwelling stage as one which gave definite living shape to an already existing but formless dread. The traveller in the first-class carriage may shudder as he sees the slums of London roll past the window, but he would shudder still more had he once been obliged to live in them.

Primitive man is an animal that lives and works by day. His habits are not nocturnal, and he seldom by choice goes forth from his lair during the hours of darkness. This love of daylight, and the corresponding aversion to darkness, is probably due to the great reliance he places upon sight ; but, of course, the order of causation may have been reversed. We do not, however, find it in dogs, which rely on ear and nose. However this may be, there can be no doubt about the existence of an instinctive dislike of darkness in all of us to-day. This dislike is the pale survivor of a very real and acute instinct of fear innate in us, which dominates our childhood with all the vigour of its original force.

We can all call to mind instances of this fear in our own lives—the bears which lurked on the stairs ready to pounce on us as we were being taken off to bed ; the hidden perils of the nursery at night, scattered by the light of a candle ; the many potential lairs of wild beasts in cupboards, behind screens, and worst of all, under one's own cot ! These imagined perils were exceedingly real, as I can testify myself. They exerted a profound influence over one's whole childish outlook. They do not altogether vanish with maturity. True, we no longer look beneath our beds each night for tigers, but do not some old ladies look there for burglars ? Is not their fear a transformation of the primitive tiger bogey of the nursery and the prehistoric cave ?

Again, why is it that we instinctively whisper and talk in subdued tones in the dark ? Why do we tread on tiptoe in the passages ? Is it for fear of rousing the rest of the household ? I doubt it ; for I have often felt the same impulse to a noiseless behaviour when walking alone at night along a road or gravel footpath. I have felt it by day when exploring uninhabited houses or trespassing in forbidden woodlands. One may try to explain away this latter instance by saying that it is a fear of attracting the attention of the gamekeeper ; but my own experiences (and they are numerous)

convince me that all these attempted explanations are secondary, and that they are invented to account for behaviour dictated by an innate and now irrational instinct. We behave noiselessly at night because it was once necessary to do so in our own interests; it was necessary then in order to conceal oneself or one's designs from enemies. Noise or indiscreet movement will betray one's hiding place or give timely warning to the quarry. (This latter aspect, however, is probably unimportant, for man hunted mainly by day. Moreover, the instinct is to-day closely associated with fear, which is not the emotion of the hunter but of the hunted; and darkness, which reveals man's infirmity, brings with it the daylight quarry's opportunity.)

Closely allied with this tiptoe instinct of noiselessness is that of flight. We may feel an unreasonable impulse towards flight at any time, in battle or in any other emergency. There its self-protective value is obvious and still potent; but the instinct is not a survival, for it is still serviceable, and a survival is by definition that which has outlived its use. We feel the instinct, however, on many occasions when there is now no reasonable ground for reacting to it, as when on a lonely walk one is being gradually overtaken by someone else. On such occasions I have often felt an insane desire to run away, to avoid being overtaken at all costs. The instinct, repressed in one direction, often finds other equally absurd outlets. For instance, I have often caught myself laying a wager that I shall not be overtaken by the man or cart or bicycle until I have reached a certain point ahead—a house or cross-roads or suchlike! At night this fear of being overtaken may suggest concealment until the 'danger' has passed. This instinct is well described by Coleridge in 'The Ancient Mariner':—

'Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.'

Everyone knows how in a race a man or a crew may be spurred on to fresh efforts by a rival or a pacer. Personally, I always dislike anyone walking behind me, and I attribute this quite unreasonable aversion to the survival in me of an ancient instinct of fear-prompting-flight acquired by man in his early days.

We see then that a great many of our actions may be accounted for by the survival of instincts which once had survival-value but have outlived their day. They may be referred to prehistoric times in general or to its special aspects and periods, such as that during which men lived for the most part in caves. But before the cave period came the prairie period, with the conclusion of which we are familiar, for to it belong the river-drift implements of the old Stone Age. It would be strange if prairie life had not left many traces in the form of instincts peculiar to this stage of man's evolution.

A story is told of a certain famous big game hunter, who one day went out into the bush alone with his gun, to look for game. In the excitement of stalking he forgot to keep track of his movements, and to his horror he discovered that he was lost. His caravan, he knew, must have started trekking according to his own instructions before setting out, and would not worry about him till the evening, as he often went on some distance ahead of them. He realised that his position was as bad as it could well be; and he relates that at no other moment of his adventurous career did he feel so overwhelmed with helpless terror. The man who could confront wild beasts without dismay was knocked in a heap by the sense of being lost in the bush. This dominating power of the instinct of fear was due, I think, to the neglect of another, peculiar to that very hunter's life, to which he was then reverting—the instinct which we call a 'sense of direction.' The primitive hunter, roaming far afield over the flat featureless prairie, or in the tangled maze of bush country, is in constant danger of being lost. Now, to be lost in such country is to run a very great risk of death—from starvation or thirst, or from wild beasts at night, or from the exhaustion which must ensue from sleepless vigilance. For this reason the sense of place, and in particular the power to find your way back home, is very strongly developed instinctively in all roving animals as well as man. It works, I think, through the subconscious record of the sense-impressions, received by the animal, of the main features of the surrounding landscape, and of their position relative to each other and to itself. As it survives in ourselves we call it a 'sense of direction'; but it is also a sense of position, of one's own position relative to the landscape, and in particular to one's starting-point. That it works mainly through subconscious memory is proved, I think, by the difficulty, if not impossibility, of retaining one's sense of direction underground,

or in a wood where all the trees appear alike—to the stranger. I have often tried to keep my bearings while travelling on the London Tube Railways, and I have never yet succeeded, not even by dint of conscious effort.

But to return to the prairie. Big game hunting is in itself an instance of the existence in us of a prehistoric instinct which survives but is not directly utilitarian. It is a reversion to a more primitive state, to the life of the Stone Age hunter. How far these reversions are normal and healthy is another question. That they are so, if moderately indulged, is beyond doubt; for they bring the note of reality into our artificial, instinct-killing city lives; they bring us into contact with nature; they cleanse all the muddy channels of our being.

The joy of the open prairie is not always marred by the crack of the rifle. It may be refined away into the higher realms of aesthetic pleasure. The vast, rolling plains, the hummocky desert, the dense bush or park-like savannah, all satisfy some hidden craving; some landscapes appeal more strongly to one man than another. Indeed, it is an interesting question how far the aesthetic appeal of natural beauty is due to its function in filling the void created by civilisation, especially by a city life. It is notorious that the people who live in beautiful surroundings do not usually appreciate their beauty until they leave them. We civilised folk have long abandoned the unrestricted intercourse with Nature which formed the daily life of our prehistoric ancestors; and our aesthetic longings may be but a form of racial home-sickness. We all of us feel 'the call of the wild,' and answer it according to our individual natures. In America, where the artificial life has been fully developed into an elaborate, mechanical, lifeless system, it is noticeable that a short annual reversion is becoming very popular. The harassed student and city clerk go a-camping each summer and live for a time the life of a Red Indian. In Europe, the summer caravan—a form of gipsy life in the open—is coming into fashion. Even those who cannot spare time or money for such long excursions go picnicking, blackberrying, nutting, hop-gathering or strawberry picking, like their remote ancestors, who lived by gathering nuts and berries. All are attracted by the joys of the open road and the open fire. Even garden parties or 'tea on the lawn' are the last feeble response of civilisation to the same powerful summons; and what is the social round of Goodwood, Cowes, and the moors but the same inevitable

reaction after the frivolities of the drawing-room during the 'season'?

Before the cave the prairie, and before that the jungle.

There is a world of which we know nothing, a world set apart in the branches of the forest. We groundlings are cut off from it by our pedestrian habits, but we are still haunted at times by lingering ancestral memories, by sudden betrayals of unsuspected sympathies. It is difficult for us now to realise all the implications of tree life. Do we realise, for instance, that it is overshadowed by the constant menace of a danger entirely unknown to our existence—the danger of a fall? The necessity of guarding against this is paramount, it is the key-note of tree-life; for any relaxation may result in the sudden cessation of life itself. Thus it is even more important than the quest of food, for a single slip may prove fatal. To avoid this a highly developed instinct is essential, a form of habitual automatic reaction closely connected with the maintenance of bodily balance, but with other functions as well. At night there are many difficulties to contend with. Sleep must come; and how, then, are involuntary movements to be controlled? In particular, how can sudden movements on awakening be avoided? I think the answer may be arrived at by subjective methods. When violently aroused at night by a loud noise, one sometimes freezes into absolute immobility, one's whole frame becomes rigid with expectancy. This might be partly explained by the fear of revealing one's position to the enemy whose approach might have caused the noise. But it may be more satisfactorily accounted for, I think, by attributing it to the need of remaining in the same position on the branch for a few seconds until conscious control is fully regained. We are gradually beginning, in these days of flying, to realise something of the danger of a fall; it is still difficult, however, to put oneself in the position of a tree-dweller, to whom a fall from even that small height may prove fatal. We habitually look at trees from below; hence our perspective and our point of view are both of them radically different from that of their inhabitants. Their world is as unlike ours as that of fishes or birds. It is a world in which the third dimension asserts its importance. It is not merely necessary to scan the horizon; your enemy may be above or below you. Here, as to-day in air-fighting, to get the height of your enemy may be of the highest importance. Everywhere, even on land, the upper berth is

tactically valuable, but its value increases with the opportunity of using it. Perhaps that is why as a small boy one has felt a sense of power when high up in an apple tree, where potential ammunition grows on every branch. Hence too, perhaps, that foolish desire to throw things down from a cliff or bridge or an upper window—especially on a living target. The bean-stalk country of the jungle is probably crowded with interests as variegated as those of the flat earth below; but ages of terrestrial life have blunted our perception of them.

It is only natural that instincts which normally repose on a lower level than consciousness should obtrude themselves during sleep. During the hours of darkness they are allowed to caper and revel like goblins in a kitchen while the mistress of the house is absent; but with the first streak of dawn they must scamper away to their hiding-places before she can come and catch them. Many a dream or nightmare is but the revival of a deep-seated race-memory, clothing itself in the imagery of personal experience. One can again speak best from one's own knowledge. One of my most common nightmares is concerned with bulls. I am alone on a wide prairie; there is borne in upon me the sense of imminent danger of attack from a herd of fierce bulls; and there is no refuge or protection except a frail fence of barbed wire which I negotiate. Even so the terror remains, for I do not appear to know from which direction the attack will come, and consequently which is the safe side of the fence. Sometimes my friends and relations are vaguely implicated; but it is not always clear to me whether they have been already attacked or whether that is to be expected. In both cases I am haunted by a feeling of helpless despair. Sometimes this is accentuated by the familiar phenomenon of 'lead feet.'

In this form of nightmare may be detected, I think, several distinct strands. There is the fear of wild and dangerous animals (represented by the bulls); the instinct of seeking cover and of flight (by the fence and futile running); and the group-feeling or anxiety for one's comrades, which is perhaps a modified form of the herd-instinct. Most of my readers will have heard of the Freudian theory of dreams, which explains them as the breaking-out of a wish or instinct repressed during the hours of full consciousness by an inhibition of the will. During sleep the control is necessarily relaxed to a certain extent, and the wish or instinct reasserts itself, often revealing its nature by a curious kind of symbolism derived haphazard from the association of ideas. The

inhibition of the desires connected with the reproductive instinct is the most common cause of dreams of this kind. I believe that the same is true of racially inherited instincts of less intensity, and that a tremendous impetus is given to their power over the sleeping subject by any shock which rouses them in real life. For instance, I trace this bull nightmare to having once been pursued by a cow when I was a small boy, and having narrowly escaped goring by jumping over a fence. I had often braved the peril before when crossing the same field, though not without inward misgivings. The shock caused by the actual fulfilment of my worst fears clinched matters and decided for me that forever afterwards all cows were dangerous and to be avoided. Even now it costs me an effort of will to pass through a herd of these harmless creatures, though the effect of emerging unscathed from many such encounters has nearly ousted my instinctive childish dread.

Now I take the bulls to be a symbol of all the evil wild beasts (like the aurochs, for example) to whose attacks prehistoric man was exposed. A great deal of his mental activity—his psychological reactions—was necessarily concerned with these beasts; his ideas revolved around them, and they occupied a large place in the background of his conceptual existence. He must constantly have been directing his actions with reference to them, whether in pursuit or flight or vigilant neutrality, or for conversion of them into meat, clothing, weapons, and tools. His earliest art betrays this same obsession. What more natural, therefore, than that the attention of children should similarly be attracted towards strange beasts—an attraction not unmixed with thrills of terror—thus recapitulating the experience of the race? What more probable than that the shock of a single terrifying experience should outlive the days of childhood as a nightmare, if we assume that this individual experience merely releases the springs of a powerful race-memory, wound up by centuries of habit? It seems likely that any shock which is thus connected with a race-memory acting through the medium of environmental factors once possessing great survival-value, may have more potent and lasting effects than shocks unconnected therewith.

During early childhood I was much harassed by another wild-beast nightmare, which has long ceased its troubling. I used to be taken by my nurse to play in some gardens near Regent's Park. These gardens were divided into two parts, connected by a tunnel under the Marylebone Road. This tunnel filled me with appre-

hension. The deep, hollow sound of voices in it, and the roar of the traffic overhead, were strange and terrifying phenomena. In my dreams I would find myself in this tunnel hemmed in on all sides by lions and tigers such as I had seen and heard roaring in the Zoological Gardens close by. My memories of this nightmare are now very dim, but I know that it was at the time most realistic and distressing. It derived none of its strength from nursery bogeys, with which I was never threatened. The same instinct was again responsible, I think, for seizing upon and magnifying an experience which bore a symbolic resemblance to ancestral dangers. Closely akin was my attitude towards lions and tigers in general. I took a great interest in their geographical distribution. I was told that wolves were still to be found at large in parts of France, and that England owed its immunity to the Channel. I at once jumped to the conclusion that the moment one landed in France one would have to keep on the alert for fear of being attacked by them. Similarly I imagined that as soon as one stepped off the gangway at Bombay one would see tigers on all sides, and that it would be madness to walk abroad unarmed. The details were supplied by family associations with India, but I know that I was thoroughly convinced of the correctness of my opinions, and would have wished to act upon them had I gone there. The fact that I had recently been born in India and might possibly return there some day gave a practical interest to these reveries.

There are many strands woven into the fabric of our ancestry ; some of them have their origin in very remote ages, some refer to more recent but still lengthy stages of development. Amongst those which lie midway may be placed our life in the trees. Everyone probably has experienced the sensation of flying in dreams. I can only speak for myself and one friend, but in both cases the flying is not like a bird's, but consists of progress by means of long hops, becoming longer and easier. Now, we are not descended from any flying mammal, but we are descended from a tree-living animal which progressed by swinging from branch to branch at a rapid rate, maintaining an upright posture with the feet. This dream-hopping, it may be said, does not resemble that swinging gait. Not, perhaps, to the extent of absolute identity, but then we have never actually so progressed during our individual lives ; and I believe that race-memory is normally a *generalised* phenomenon, and takes its imagery from actual individual experience, sometimes symbolising by means of that which approaches most

nearly to the original model. Now in bathing I have often moved along the bottom in shallow water by half hopping, half floating in the water. Doing so seems to satisfy an instinct, but, however this may be, I think that the motion is seized upon by this tree-swinging memory as a symbol which conforms most nearly to its requirements. It is also possible that the memory is derived from an earlier ancestor in the kangaroo habits.

Many 'reincarnation myths' are probably due to revivals of race-memory under appropriate stimuli. Kipling's story of the spirit of Keats 'temporarily reinduced' into the body of a chemist's assistant is a case in point. The author, with characteristic sureness of insight, attributes the occurrence to the suggestive power of outward circumstances, recalling through association certain incidents in the poet's life. In another story the ancestral memories of a reincarnated galley-slave are aroused by reading Longfellow's lines—

Wouldst thou, so the helmsman answered,
Learn the secrets of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery.

In both stories the fleeting revival of a latent idea or ancestral phase is accompanied by a wealth of detail and local colouring which renders it abnormal. Far be it from me to deny the possibility of such a phenomenon occurring under exceptional conditions. I quote these cases from the realm of fiction merely because there one sees in the bright imagery of creative art the same kind of revivals as may be observed less vividly in one's own life.

O. G. S. CRAWFORD.

AFTER FOUR YEARS: THE OLD ROAD TO YPRES.

BY WILFRID EWART.

It is necessary to project oneself into a particular condition of mind in order to acquire *something* of the atmosphere and significance of Ypres: in order to acquire that serenity of feeling and spirit in which one should approach the fulfilment of a mission. Unless, of course, you are a 'tourist' who goes to gape at a battlefield (from a charabanc) as he would gape at a cathedral or a criminal, his soul being packed in behind with the luggage. There are such people—morbid people, inquisitive people. But they are rare. If one thing surprises more than another in the battle-areas to-day it is the absence of English tourists and the presence of English soldiers. Of the former, I saw not more than a score either at such places as Lille, Cambrai and Ypres, or actually on the battlefields. One thanks God for that—not indeed for the absence of those who come of a set purpose, but of those who in a jolly spirit 'run round' to 'have a look.'

But from Calais to Ypres and in the greater part of the old British area there are many soldiers. One met them on the roads, travelling by motor-car or motor-bicycle, in the streets of the towns, and very occasionally in hutments 'up country.' What were they all doing? Guarding salvage-dumps, guarding each other, making salvage-dumps, doing Graves Registration work, 'cleaning up.' The Military Police get a fortnight's leave in three months. Nobody seems overburdened with work. One man I talked to in Ypres had been on duty there since the early part of 1916. How long will it be before the last British soldier leaves the soil of France?

For the pilgrim there is no time to lose. That atmosphere of which I speak and that spirit which is necessary to it are transient impalpable things—things not of the mind only but of a changing physical order, of a very brief transitional phase. The atmosphere is there now but life encroaches, activity multiplies and increases in these waste places. The bitterness and majesty of them diminish, and with every month, with every year, they lose reality and imminence, trending toward their final shape—a legend. . . .

I crossed the Belgian frontier near Neuve Eglise on the old road to Ypres. Very soon I came within sight of the Hill of

Kemmel and, mounting a long straight stretch of road, found upon the summit a small circumference of ruins with, in the centre thereof, a white stump of masonry, perhaps a dozen feet in height, surrounded by a few stones. There was a baker's shop near at hand, a temporary erection obviously, and amid the ruins one or two miserable-looking wooden shanties of a sort to which one had become accustomed. It was evident that a group of houses—not more than half a dozen at a guess—had once stood upon this windy hill-top.

The aspect of the place at that hour was exceedingly impressive and formed the setting of such a scene as Time himself does not obliterate. Evening was closing in—I had travelled from Lille—and the ominous tones of the cloud-racked sky were strangely reflected in the greenish-black hue of the landscape, which was a battlefield, inscrutable and vast. Mount Kemmel dominated this landscape, not alone by its isolation in the flat plain of Flanders but by its personality, which is that of some presiding Evil Genius or one of those sinister human beings—a murderer perhaps—from whom all men flee. To the lowering tones of oncoming night, coupled with those of the dismal herbage and barren soil, were added near the summit ghastly scars, gaping wounds, and the grey ashen fingers of trees which would never be green again, would never know another leaf, and, if weep they can, must weep there above the dead until some storm in future years shall strike them down.

What I had not hitherto noticed—but now did notice—was a signboard immediately in front, upon which was written the word 'DRANOUTRE.' It was the name of the village and, accustomed though I had long since become to the ruination, nay annihilation, caused by war, surprise and horror in quick succession possessed me. I had seen this village but once before when seeking the grave of a friend, on a wet afternoon of December 1915. The grave was among those of other British in the little churchyard on the hill-top around which, it being the centre of the main square, guns and transport rumbled. Then, too, it was Christmas week, and the sense of that was present within the great church, where an afternoon service was coming to a close. A priest was intoning at the altar, which glowed with candles, whilst the numerous sacred figures, tawdry and even pathetic as they might appear, were likewise adorned with candles and with flowers. A hymn was chanted kneeling; and I remember

being struck by the rapt devotion of the congregation who, although it was a week-day, seemed nearly to fill the church, and by the shadowy effects of the candles wavering upon the rough Flemish faces, chiefly of women and children, while the occasional boom of guns from without hallowed with a kind of bitterness their Christmas singing. That was the church of Dranoutre four and a half years before—one of those picturesque steepled churches which greet each other from the scattered hill-tops in this part of Flanders. . . . The congregation then poured out into the wintry afternoon through which rain lashed in streaks; and I was again struck by their humble and patient faces, black garments and devotional aspect, so that, had a painter of the old Dutch School been present, one felt he would have seen in these figures a symbol of Resignation amid the sufferings of war.

Where were these folk now? I could not tell. The holocaust had come in April 1918 during the desperate German onslaught on Kemmel; the great church was blown up, the dead—with few exceptions—blown out of their graves. I talked with a Belgian family, bakers, who until that fatal March had lived here in comparative peace and considerable prosperity. One of them, a girl of sixteen, spoke fluent English of that peculiar brand which has been grafted on to French and Belgian peasants by British and Colonial soldiers, and the main characteristic of which is that the crudest slang passes as the 'real thing,' while such expressions as 'and what all' or 'cheerio' survive as flowers of our language. After their evacuation the family was conveyed to Bourbourg in the Pas de Calais, and thence to Paris. 'How did you like Paris?' I inquired, expecting enthusiasm or regret; but in face of her home on the desolate hill-top the girl replied, smiling, 'I'd rather be in Dranoutre.'

You may say that the tragedy of such a village bears no comparison with the grander Epic of Ypres. Yet upon many it would make a profounder impression, for Ypres is synonymous with sackcloth and ashes, but this village one knew as peaceful, human and picturesque—and can to-day recognise only by a written name.

From the shoulder of Kemmel I saw miles away the lights of Ypres in that void of gathering dark where had been no lights before except of star-shells. When, in the dusk, I reached the centre of the city by the Cloth Hall, I had the impression of standing in the dim outskirts of some far vaster town. Electric

arc-lamps at intervals lit the thoroughfares : there were few people about ; but from a brilliantly illuminated white-fronted restaurant near at hand came the thumping notes of a piano playing ragtime. Being hungry, anxious about a bed, and seeing no other hostelry in sight, I entered by a side-door and was bowed upon by an exceedingly fat Belgian in short evening coat and white shirtfront out of which an astonishingly large and false diamond scintillated. In fact, the whole place scintillated. Madame scintillated with combs and finery and jewellery behind the counter, mirrors innumerable scintillated behind Madame, whilst the ragtime scintillated from (as I discovered) a pianola in the faces (or feelings) of the guests.

I sat down unwillingly in this ' Temple of Joy,' seeing vaguely the tragic outline of the Cloth Hall through the window. There sat near me a prosperous-looking Belgian and his wife—what Belgian is not prosperous-looking ?—who applauded ecstatically, crying ' Bravo ! Bravo !' and clapping hands. An Englishman sat opposite his wife, eating but not speaking for half an hour at a time. Two officers in plain clothes, bent on some errand similar to my own, pored over maps, wrote up note-books, and argued about the respective sectors of Divisions. Outside, the mysteries and memories of Ypres—too recent yet to be laid to rest—gathered fast around the brand-new white-painted door, and when the strains of ' Down on the Farm ' floated out to them, must have smiled ! . . .

Somewhere a clock struck ten, and I went forth into the dark. There was nobody abroad and no sign of life except the electric arc-lamps. And the strains of ' Down on the Farm ' pursued me as far as the Menin Gate. . . . Beyond the Menin Gate, curtained lights showed that a new town had sprung up. But I turned along the ramparts in which had been passed so many fitful nights and weary days. Here all was dark and silent. Blank narrow entrances of dug-outs gloomed ; from a great arched cavern a dog growled furiously and a man growled furiously at the dog. Ruins stood solemnly at my right hand.

It was that hour about which in former nights working-parties, reliefs, and ration-parties were wont to pass up to the front-line. Through the Menin Gate, ghosts had shuffled all night long, string after string of them, party after party, carrying their appointed burdens, carrying their secret thoughts, with heads bent in the manner of Giotto's ' Two Apostles.' Over the hollow-sounding

bridge they tramped and out into the flare-lit Salient that had so regularly taken its toll of them. . . . I now came to the entrance of a dug-out which through some weeks I had occupied—the last one on the left from the Menin Gate. From it I had set forth about this very hour and to it had returned in the freshness of the first daylight, seeing the broken city spread before me, its greenery of wasted gardens hiding like tear-drops among the ruins, its twittering sparrows, its half-tame pigeons crooning from stony pinnacles of a present that was strange to them and of a past they did not understand. I here saw dawns more beautiful than any I have ever seen, the morning star setting in azure blue above the ramparts—the dread night fading westward—that which is spiritual and miraculous in Nature striving with the material horror of mankind so that in the fleeting hour men dreamed of Paradise. The entrance to the dug-out had been filled in or had disappeared, the pale-blue legend on the wall opposite, ‘Chocolat Menier, Dunquerque,’ by which one had identified it in the dark—that had disappeared, too. It was as well. One cannot regret a nightmare, even the lucid intervals of it; and at the same time one cannot regret having experienced the nightmare.

I come to the Lille Gate and am aware—as often before—of the silent sucking water in the moat beneath and of the faintest shimmer of moonshine upon the water like a silver plate gleaming in darkness. The road stretches white and straight into the dusky spaces of the Salient. Away to the left I can see the great ruined outline of the Girls’ College; far out in this old dead world an occasional light shines. The gate itself has resumed its former spaciousness, the sandbag barrier is cleared away, and where a guard squatted around a candle in bygone nights, are now freedom and space.

I fall to thinking of the peculiar hollow banging and barking the field-guns had made when firing in night-bombardments from among the ruins; how they had lit up those ruins with a sudden glare; and how from the Lille Gate it was possible to see the shells bursting like dancing pin-points of flame along the German front line a couple of miles away. Then there was the faint intermittent ‘tack-tack’ of machine-guns from that direction, the sharp ‘crack’ of a rifle, and the occasional muffled reverberation of a ‘minenwerfer’ bomb. I start at the sound of a shell coming, seeing a red glow that travels very rapidly towards me. . . . But

it is only a brilliantly lighted train steaming into Ypres from the direction of Lille.

By morning light the old town showed in a different aspect. It lay prostrate there in the cold truth of day. Scaffolding was set up around the Cloth Hall—they are establishing it as a 'ruin.' I soon perceived a fundamental change in the character of the place—one that was to be expected but leaves nevertheless a different Ypres. Naked walls with window-squares like sightless eyes, and fragments of buildings, and above all the greater number of the wild pitiful little gardens have disappeared, giving place to Belgian hutments and 'restaurants,' 'hotels' and cook-shops, and to areas of 'collected' ruins. To the old sorrowful silence of the place has succeeded the barking of dogs, the raucous cries of children, the hoots of motor-cars and whistling of railway-engines, the passing to and fro of numbers of people. You may here see a city in ruins—but it is not the Ypres of the Great War.

This morning was a Sunday, and from an early hour numbers of people and many motor-cars passed in through the Menin Gate—later, charabancs. The majority of these people were Belgians church-going in their Sunday garments, from the 'new town' of wooden shanties and huts without the gate that reminded one of a mushroom mining-village in some newly prospected area. There were among them British soldiers, but it became more and more difficult to associate the place with that gate above all others whose name is sinister and which it was ever dangerous to linger near.

I took the road to Vlamertinghe, passing by the new red-brick railway-station, near to the site of which the 'Ypres Express' had nightly unloaded its passengers in bygone times. All signs of former aridness have departed from the fields, which are once more under close cultivation. Vlamertinghe must have its normal pre-war population: along that stretch of the Poperinghe road so often shrapnelled about sundown, a girls' school was marching in procession to church. The laughable Goldfish Château raises its spiral head once more; at Machine-gun Farm pigs grunt and cows re-enter their appointed place. Tracing the familiar road to Brielen and the Château^u Trois Tours—the road which then passes on to Elvedinghe—I became immersed in thoughts poignant and very real. The country—though here and there a field of corn has sprung up—is not greatly changed: many of the old cross-country tracks remain, as do the old road-

signs pointing to 'Essex Farm,' 'Bridge 4,' 'Blighty Bridge'—and I am plunged back more speedily, more truly than at Ypres itself, into the atmosphere of these places. Up an avenue of small limes I pass to the Château Trois Tours, to which all came back periodically from the trenches, usually at break of day. It is secluded amid greenery, its toy moat surrounds it with the ornamental bridge, its toy turret still surmounts it. Somebody was in occupation—I retired within the greenery. A couple of deck-chairs were set in the portico, on one of which a book lay. . . .

I paced slowly towards the farm behind, from which in the precious intervals out of the line we had so often watched those great night *spectacles* of the Ypres Salient—the bombardments that preceded a raid or inducted a battle. It was summer then, too, and a wilderness of greenery, of grass, surrounded the farm from which we would set out in the breathless evening (about seven o'clock) toward that velvety horror which the name of the Ypres Salient conjures up in men's minds even to-day. And would return four days later so many fewer, so much more appalled by the cold ironical processes of Fate. It is true that men did not often talk of these things at the time but passed through them stolidly—unless nerve or brain gave out. But they thought. The inner struggle went on. And as I turn down the shady by-road to Brielen, I think of those many whose eyes here for the last time looked upon a green and leafy place. . . .

Of one especially I think—a very ordinary young Englishman who had given up a career in the Far East to do as he deemed right—and of a golden summer's evening, a Sunday also, when we strolled along this road. It was an evening especially active with aeroplanes, the pop-popping of machine-guns overhead and the shattering quick-fire of pom-poms. But we were too deeply immersed in conversation to take much heed of these except when our voices could no longer make themselves heard. We talked of the war, of the future, and of that sense of impending doom which, it seemed, all equally shared at the time. But the voluntary confession surprised me, coming from an apparently phlegmatic young man. It was made in these words: 'I don't know what's going to happen. I don't know how I'm going through with it. It's the filth of the place itself and the thought of one's body lying *there*.' On the Friday following he lay a corpse in the place he had feared, but I have often recalled these words as a sort of epitome of the time, no less

than as a record of the thought that passed through one man's mind. . . .

And the Canal. I passed by Essex Farm, the earthworks of which are now obliterated by either vegetation or cultivation, and came to Bridge 4. The mere appearance of this famous entrance to the Salient has changed but little. A fine road of brand-new *pavé* now runs parallel with it from Ypres to Boesinghe. Between this road and the high bank there is a cemetery as of yore—but greater than of yore. Through the opening in the bank you have the same brown embrasured glimpse of the distorted world beyond with one or two gaunt stumps of trees before your vision is bounded by the rise in the ground. The change is in the Canal-bank itself. Instead of a kind of miniature Venice hiving with a queer unreal waterside life—men washing, men reading, men sleeping, men drawing water—you have a green and overgrown emptiness. Even the entrances to the once-innumerable dens in the bank I could rarely find: they are overgrown or filled in. But a wooden cottage has sprung up just at that sinister point where the road passes out on to the bridge and the whole of the Salient lies before you. How many have hurried past that spot! . . .

As I stood there a peasant emerged from his cottage, carrying a shot-gun.

*BARRISTER AND CLIENT:
THE TALE OF AN ABORTIVE REVOLT.*

A REPLY.

THE article under the above title by Mr. H. G. Rawson which appeared in the October CORNHILL seems to call for a reply less perhaps for the public importance of its subject, than because it casts a quite unmerited slur on the Solicitor branch of the profession. Solicitors have quite enough mud thrown at them, in all conscience, by irresponsible people who know very little about the legal world. This we have to put up with, with what equanimity we can muster. It is more serious when a member of the profession libels us. Naturally a layman thinks that a barrister writing about his own profession is worthy of credence, and of all men a Conveyancing barrister might be supposed to value accuracy of statement, and to choose his words with care.

Then, again, as I have read the CORNHILL more or less continuously for some forty years I know that it reaches a large and influential circle, and that anything appearing in the magazine is likely to command attention. For these reasons I think that if nearly all Mr. Rawson's statements are either misleading or inaccurate, as I believe them to be, it is as well that they should be scotched at once.

Mr. Rawson has two principal grievances, and they are the basis of the article. The first is that the Conveyancing Act of 1882 deprived him of a great part of his prospective livelihood because it 'authorised Solicitors to use any of the forms of instrument scheduled to the Act . . . and *exempted them from* liability if they did so, even if their incompetence caused the client loss.'

The answer to this complaint is that the Act did and does nothing of the sort. The few forms which are scheduled to the Act of 1881 (not 1882 as Mr. Rawson writes) can only be used in the very simplest cases. Even before the Act, the simple transactions to which the forms apply would have brought very little work to Conveyancing Counsel because the Solicitor would have carried them through without seeking the assistance of Counsel. One would imagine from reading Mr. Rawson's article that deeds were not drawn by Solicitors before the passing of the Act, but of course this is not so.

The Scheduled forms can be used by anyone, whether a barrister, solicitor, or layman, but there is no provision whatever in the Conveyancing Acts which exempts a solicitor from liability, if by his incompetent use of the forms the client incurs loss.

As a matter of fact the forms are hardly ever used, and are almost a dead letter, as there are certain practical difficulties which make them not of much utility.

Mr. Rawson's second complaint is that the Solicitors' Remuneration Act gives a solicitor (or as he prefers to call him an attorney) practically the option of charging according to whichever of two scales prescribed by the Act would pay him best.

This is not so. There are two scales provided by the Order made under the Act. The one is an *ad valorem* scale for leases, sales and purchases of freehold and leasehold property, and mortgages; the other scale (not *ad valorem*) embraces all conveyancing matters not included in the *ad valorem* scale, and provides an authorised charge for attendances, drawing deeds &c., in such matters.

It is not competent for a solicitor to elect to charge for a marriage settlement under the *ad valorem* scale, as Mr. Rawson says he can do. His example of an *ad valorem* charge of £100 for a Marriage Settlement of £10,000 is therefore impossible, though Mr. Rawson suggests that this is quite usual.

The solicitor can, by giving notice to his client, elect to charge the other scale instead of the *ad valorem* where the *ad valorem* is applicable, but he cannot reverse the process and by notice elect to charge the *ad valorem* in cases where the other scale is applicable. In actual practice the notice is hardly ever given. The only alternative, if the solicitor does not choose to work under the scales provided under the Act, is for him to make a special arrangement with his client which must be in writing and signed by the client, and this alternative is practically a dead letter. I cannot recall a single instance of such an agreement in conveyancing matters in my experience. The reason is obvious. No client would agree to pay more than the fees authorised, unless for some very unusually difficult and important business, and any solicitor suggesting such a payment would be much more likely to lose a client than to get his increased fees.

Mr. Rawson himself sees the difficulty of giving the notice. He gets over it by calmly stating that the solicitor does not give it—but habitually charges the client as if he had given it. In other

words he defrauds his client. Rather a serious charge to make against members of his own profession!

There is surely something rather comic about Mr. Rawson's great scheme. After all the secrecy and care with which it was launched—after the sheaves of anonymous letters which he and his friends sent out broadcast, the scheme foundered so very quickly, and according to Mr. Rawson, no one was 'a penny the worse or better.'

But he does himself an injustice. There *was* some result. 'Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.'

Fortified by the opinion of the then Attorney General, Mr. Rawson dared to present their marriage settlements as wedding presents to several of his lady friends. One can imagine the consternation of the solicitors if they had known how Mr. Rawson was thus sapping their entrenchments! But no doubt they were in blissful ignorance of the assault.

The ladies must, however, have been either better or worse off in consequence of Mr. Rawson's generosity. One can only hope they were better off and that the settlements were drawn with more care than he has given to his CORNHILL contribution—otherwise I fear the gifts may have proved expensive to the fair donees, and even the learned Counsel may have had cause to congratulate himself on belonging to the 'higher branch' (as he would call it) of the profession. Being a barrister, he could not, of course, be made responsible for mistakes, however gross, as I can assure him he would have been if he had been a Solicitor of the Supreme Court.

T. H. CRAVEN.

MRS. PIKEY

THEY are all so long ago, these happenings with Mrs. Pikey, that I nearly started with 'once upon a time.' I might have, for I believe there were fairies on the marshland in those days and I know there were will-o'-the-wisps hovering over the Rushworth swamps, for have I not had them pointed out to my then youthful eyes?—small, blobby, blurred-looking lights, moving mysteriously in the mist—hobby-lanterns Mrs. Pikey called them, and 'I wor scared ter dade o' them, I wor,' I remember her telling me when a child. When we were a little older Hugh and I gave her a particularly bad time with a lantern swung from a trolling rod as she returned from shopping one foggy night, but that incident is only by the way and not worth troubling about.

Mr. and Mrs. Pikey lived in the smallest house I ever remember to have seen. It stood alone on Rushworth Quay, a tiny dwelling with but two rooms downstairs, the keeping-room and a sort of lean-to back-kitchen. The house was so low that a tall man, standing on tip-toe, could without difficulty have looked in at Mrs. Pikey's bedroom window, a dormer with reed thatch so thick that the wonder was the wattle walls supported it. I can still see myself standing on the oaken threshold, can still feel the hot sun bake down on my then fair head—once more the calves of my legs are being blistered at the spot where the socks left off and the knickerbockers began. Mrs. Pikey's house fascinated me; in comparison with the glare outside all was so dark and mysterious within, so shadowy and blurred, with just one glowing crimson spot, the fire, which stood up on a high grate and like some holy lamp was ever alight. I can still hear Mrs. Pikey's rasping voice (she was old even in those days and yet she lived another twenty years) say as I stood in the doorway: 'Now, Master Charles, dew yer dew one thing or tother, come in or keep out, though for the matter of that I'd far rather yer kep out, but don't stand jiffing about on my throschol, yer'll shake the door jambs down.' As I advanced the furniture grew out of the darkness—the shining bureau where Pikey kept his accounts, the two arm-chairs, the china men on the mantel-shelf, and above all the glass rolling-pin hanging from a nail. Presently I could discern the old woman hunched over the fire and opposite her, Pikey, his white nankeen breeches showing above the turned-down thigh boots; the buttons

of his beautiful brown velvet coat catching pink lights from the blaze. It was the smell of baking bread that had brought me to the door, bread baked by Mrs. Pikey in an oven which formed a sort of annex to the house, and whose odour was wafted across the quay to play among the reed and litter stacks which were so delightful to climb up and slide down, if only Pikey didn't catch you at it. The opening of that oven door and the perfume of baking dough that it let loose would take me to Mrs. Pikey's threshold, for on those days she made harvest cakes as well as bread—pale buns, heavy and sticky with currants, that my soul loved, and if Mrs. Pikey was in a good temper, or if we could make ourselves sufficiently fascinating, or if, which was more probable, she desired to be instantly rid of us, a cake, so hot as with difficulty to be retained in our dirty hands, was the result of our visit.

I suppose in our very young days we were on far better terms with Mrs. Pikey than later, when we came home from school, but, then, Mrs. Pikey as she grew older grew more acid towards us. She held us in suspicion: I remember those were the words she used and she was for ever whipping up Pikey to look after us. 'Them young warmen were out on Burrough's mesh again ter mornen, bahd's-nesting, I be bound. They ain't above taken pheasants' eggs and all, and sucken on 'em.' (True, Mrs. Pikey, but how hungry we were and how nasty they tasted, though we pretended they were nectar and swore they gave us strength and agility to fly the dykes with jumping poles.) 'Why yer don't castle the young warmens and dew yer duty, yer old fule, yer, I can't think.' Our guilty ears often caught these complaints wafted across the water, and we pulled our row-boat with the vigour school-boys can put into their oars when we heard Pikey answer: 'I'll get inter my bot and be arter 'em,' and we saw him emerge from the little dyke at the back of his house to start the chase. The threat to be 'castled' made our blood chill as it did that of most Norfolk boys who lived under the jurisdiction of Norwich. It was hateful to be chased off in this way, it was ignominious to have to quake as we sometimes quaked, and Pikey could never be brought to hear reason. Sir Reginald, who owned both the big and little broad, we could at times get round with a written note from our parents or by boldly accosting him and asking for a day's fishing, he being a weak man and open to guile.

'Yes, only don't go on the big broad disturbing the fowl, understand? And don't let my keeper catch you on the marshes either,

and this permission is for one day only. Young devils,' we would hear him add as he swung off. But Sir Reginald was often abroad and the shootings and fishings let—that's how the trouble started when we came home for the holidays and found the Hall closed or a stranger in it. Then it was that Mrs. Pikey kept Pikey up to his duty and got even with us and, well—we had to get even with her.

Once on a beautifully misty morning, Pikey still abed and daylight only just breaking, we started spinning on the river. The rain was coming down in torrents as we set out on that expedition the first morning of our August holidays, such rain as only Norfolk can produce, and after the first quarter of an hour's rowing we had to stop and bale, for the bottom-boards were afloat. Save that the rain hissed as it hit the waters all was still, the reeds bending with the wet, though not a breath of wind stirred them; it was one of the mornings of one's life when pike bite ravenously, and no sooner had we extracted the spoon from a fish and cleaned the line and made a fresh cast than we were into another. I suppose every fisherman if he has persisted in the pursuit and taken every opportunity offered can speak of *one* day of reward such as this and is content for the rest of his life to dream of that hour or two of fast sport. I know I have dreamt of the morning when Hugh and I, aged respectively eleven and twelve, caught, turn and turn about, rowing and trolling, six pike each in that mile of the river leading to the prohibited waters of Rushworth. Twelve goodly jack! nothing astonishing in weight, for big fish are only captured in the winter and I don't think our largest weighed more than six or seven pounds, but they were game ones and tried our none too strong tackle. It was the fact of the fish being so beautifully 'on' that morning which led us into temptation and made us decide to risk Pikey being early abroad, and for once Nature came to our aid. The rain had ceased with a last rattling storm and the sun had come out hot and fierce. In a few minutes a thick steam was rising from the water, the soaking marshes, and the reed-beds, rolling along like smoke from a thousand bonfires, to rise in opal columns till it became an ethereal pink mist from which only the tops of the distant poplars and the summit of St. Helen's tower emerged. On the broad you could not see twenty yards ahead—

One thing only we feared: if Pikey were afloat, hidden, as he sometimes hid, in a reed-bed, we might row on to him before we

could discern his presence. We took our boots off as we entered the broad and fished and rowed in stockinged feet for fear of the noise our shoes might make while changing from rod to oars, and we lay perdu for some minutes listening for a splash. Our rowlocks were always well greased and worked as smoothly and noiselessly as a well-running engine, but we knew Pikey's short jerk of a stroke and the little squeal his oars made. There was not a sound save the constant scream of a coot or the squeak of a water-hen and the buffing and splash of water as one or the other fought or beat the waters with its wings. Crested grebe were fishing and a heron called 'Frank—Fr—a—n—k,' as he sailed overhead. Not a soul was about, only a mist getting thicker and a sun, blurred to a swollen orange, coming in and out of the fog, water pale green and oily. 'Now for it,' whispered Hugh, 'and bags I the first spin. I can smell the beggars, why the whole place stinks of fish,' and indeed there was a perfume rising from the waters, something of fresh-cut cucumber and boiled salmon. 'Be careful not to clatter the net when you land my fish, sound carries so far in a fog,' was a last injunction as silently we set forth on the broad. If we had done so well on the public river what awaited us on Pikey-protected waters a morning like this? Our hearts literally thumped with expectation.

But not a fish, though Hugh made cast after cast and I pulled patiently on. At last I saw him strike—what was it? One of the goliaths we knew existed in these waters? The catch did not even need the net. 'This one doesn't count,' said Hugh, 'weighs hardly two-and-a-half pounds,' and he unhooked it and flung it contemptuously amidst the others. Round the broad I went again and Hugh hooked another even smaller than the first. 'Rum thing,' said he, 'that they were so ravenously on in the river and not here. I vote we chuck it, let's land, there's a breeze in those trees and old Pikey'll soon spot us out here. We'll go up to the Priory and get a glass of hot milk, I'm hungry,' and I was too. They would be milking now for it was nearly six.

'But supposing Pikey looks into our boat when we are at the farm?'

'What if he does, we got all of them in the river, that's truth. And we are just rowing across to get milk and are going back to fish the river again.'

As we landed and tied up to the quay the mist was blowing away in long streamers and Pikey's house, touched by the sun,

showed a rich lemon colour thatch glistening and dripping at the eaves in showers.

'Look! There goes the old chap up the hill, he has not even seen us land,' said Hugh exultingly. I, too, was glad; unlike Hugh I was always fearful of meeting Pikey, for even if perfectly innocent at the moment there were so many back numbers to be referred to.

'I wonder if Mrs. Pikey is still in bed?' whispered Hugh, and I answered: 'Of course she is, the fire's not yet lighted, you can see that by the chimney.'

The sight of an open window attracted our attention, for we both knew in what an unholy atmosphere of 'fug' Mr. and Mrs. Pikey loved to sleep, and the only explanation of the matter was that Mrs. Pikey in her office of keeper of the keeper had felt it her duty to have an early 'peek out.' That open window gave truth to Shakespeare's saying:

'How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done'—

for Hugh at once exclaimed 'Let's tip-toe back to the boat and get those little squits of jack we got out of the broad and chuck them in to her; great joke, they are very lively and we are bound to land them on the bed for it takes up nearly the whole room. It's an easy shot if we get well under the window and then we'll slip back to the boat without her seeing us. It's only right they should have the two fish taken on their blessed broad, a kind of Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. Come on.' Hot milk forgotten we tip-toed back to the boat, found our fish, and carrying, with finger and thumb between their eyes, the shiny, slime-covered 'reptiles,' we advanced to the house. The window which stood so invitingly open was not the dormer above the door but a small one, knocked into the gable end and looking out on to the broad; it had been put in for observation purposes. A dyke in which Pikey kept his boats ran almost under it and there was only about a foot of nettle-grown earth between the dyke and the end of the house. On this we got a footing and then with a lob 'slap' went Hugh's fish through the opening and 'slap' went mine, and they must have hit the wall at the far side of the room, against which the bed stood. We held our breaths during that moment of painful silence in which I felt rooted to the soil and then came in a high-pitched voice: 'What the tarnation——?' and

then a scream, a scream so sharp and shrill that it started us into a run and we fled over reed-shoves and litter-heaps as fast as legs could carry us, to be followed by yells, more painful than the screams. Hugh first reached the boat into which he slid; I followed, and as I peeped round the end of the litter-stack I saw the awful apparition of Mrs. Pikey, night-capped head thrust out of window, night-gowned shoulders wedged within the casement as if she were trying to get out, while her mouth framed the word 'Jarge—J—a—r—ge.'

We dared not row out on to the broad but hugged the shelter of litter-stacks and reed-beds and so got home by divers and tortuous dykes across the marshes to the Fleet and round by St. Benet's—two hours it took us this journey of half an hour. And long after we had put distance between us we could hear 'Jarge—J—a—r—ge' being cried from the window.

Years and years afterwards, when on a fortnight's holiday from the stress and toil of London life, I visited those waters again, I heard that Pikey lay adying. As fast as I could row I pulled once more to Rushworth; I wanted to grasp that knotted hand and say good-bye to the old man. I found him upstairs, propped up in bed; his clean-cut features were the colour of alabaster and his grey locks and whiskers like spun silk. His eyes were dull: it was a minute or two before he recognised me, then he feebly raised a hand which seemed heavy as I held it.

I had brought with me some fine old brandy and I urged him to take a drop. 'Ah! that's proper,' he muttered, 'warmth and nourishment. That be very kind on yer, Master Charles, that's something like, that be.' Certainly it revived the old man, for his eyes shone again and we began to talk of years ago. I looked out of the little window on to the grey waters of the broad and then I said 'Do you remember when the two jack came plump through that window on to Mrs. Pikey in bed?'

In a moment strength returned to the old man. He raised himself on his elbow, his right hand shot out, and his eyes for a second flashed in the manner which used to frighten me as a boy. Shaking a finger at me he exclaimed 'Well, there, I allus knew that wor you and Master Hugh—young warmens!' A smile illuminated his features and a chuckle came from him which seemed to start somewhere near his feet and to shake his body all over—for a moment or two he could not speak and then in a weaker voice he uttered this: 'And as my poor old 'oman wor gotten out o'

bed one o' them jack nipped her on ter rump,' and he lay back laughing till I thought he would choke. When I left him he was still chuckling and ejaculating: 'Ter think on it, nipped her, it did, Gawd bless yer, Master Charles, yer ha' given me something ter think on, yer ha', I'll die laughing about that 'ere.' And I think he did, for by nightfall Pikey was at rest.

But this is a digression. I believe it was the winter of 1890-1891, a winter of iron frosts and deep snow, a winter which lasted from November to March with the broad laid solid for weeks and weeks, with only a channel-way opening with the tide, when we, as Hugh put it, 'fairly housed Mrs. Pikey in.' I remember that we had been on a visit to London and had expended the last of our Christmas boxes in gold-fish for pike bait, for we had heard that the man who had hired the Rushworth shootings and fishings had missed the largest pike seen on the broad for years—its weight was put at twenty-five pounds. He had bungled the landing, had got it under his boat instead of into it, and the fish had broken away. We set our mind on that pike and meant having it.

The tenant, we heard, had gone away and it was doubtful if he would fish again that winter. I must say we tried fair means first; over to Pikey's we went. The first person we met on the quay was Mrs. Pikey and our hearts sank, for she was wearing one of Pikey's brown velveteen coats and we knew what that meant: Pikey was laid up and Mrs. Pikey was on duty.

'Where's Pikey?' we inquired.

'Ill indoors with the screwmatics. What do you want along o' he?' she asked suspiciously.

'Oh, nothing, we just thought we should like to see him, that's all,' we replied evasively.

'And what in the name o' goodness for? Yer ain't so partial o' seeing him—'cept ter run away from him. Yer knows I allus dew ha' my suspicions on yer. Yer ain't up ter no gude wanting ter see he, I'll warrant. Been adoin' something yer shouldn't—lestways yer be agoing tew.'

'Oh, no, Mrs. Pikey,' and then I took my courage in both hands. 'We were only wondering if we might have the key of the big broad and try for that big fish now that the gentleman has gone away.'

'Lawk-a-mussy me! what next? Well, yer can save yer breath o' asken the old chap. Whilst he be laid by I be dewen the keeperen, and I 'on't ha' yer nigh the broad. Our instructions

is ter keep the waters quiet and I bain't going ter ha' a parcel o' boys trouncing about in them. The key o' the big broad, indeed, tain't likely !'

This was a damper. However we persisted and marched into the cottage with the old woman at our heels. We again made our request to the old man who, with one leg up on a stool, was seated by the fire. Pikey was always more tractable when laid up and we felt that had it not been for Mrs. Pikey's voluble objections he might have granted our request. He shook his head: 'Tis unsarten if the gentleman be comen back; that mollified him considerable losen' that great owd fish. He may ha' a mind ter try for him again. He make a poor hand on it, he dew, but there 'tis, I can't grant yer no permission.'

'So there ter be, Master Hugh, now yer knows, and don't let me catch yer nigh the broad.' Thus did Mrs. Pikey stay all further discussion. Hugh's eyes were wandering round the room and there on a nail temptingly hung the key of the padlocked chains which kept all would-be sportsmen out of the big broad.

We left with hopes that Mr. Pikey would soon be restored to health and the promise to bring some illustrated papers when we came again. 'What are you going to do?' I asked when we were some distance from Mrs. Pikey who had followed us out of the cottage, and Hugh answered: 'Try and bag that key to-morrow.'

'But they will miss it directly off the nail.'

'There's an old key at home, the very image of it—only it won't open the lock. Whilst you show him the papers I'll exchange it. They'll never know, and Mrs. Pikey won't be rowing on the big broad this weather, I bet.'

To cut a long story short it is sufficient to say that the plan succeeded, for while I turned over the pictures for Pikey's edification, Hugh with his back to the wall dexterously exchanged keys and not even Mrs. Pikey, blowing up her fire, had any suspicions. It was late in the evening and snowing hard when we left the cottage. There was promise of a great blizzard that night, and we gloated inwardly at the thought of a nice drift against the door to fix in our enemy to-morrow morning and keep her occupied for a bit. All we needed was just one extra hour in which to bag our fish before the keeper's wife did her early patrol.

The snow of the morning had been carefully swept back by Mrs. Pikey and it lay, heaped up, on either side of the cobbled

path from gate to door. But now the blizzard meant business, and as we hung about the cottage for half an hour we watched it coming in clouds as fine as flour across the broad, making white eyebrows of the eaves of Pikey's cottage, and the path was again covered and there was a perceptible drift against the door.

'What we want to do is to help that drift; let's see if we can get into the maltings and borrow shovels,' Hugh remarked, and we found two wooden ones, good for a silent job, we thought. It was nearly dark now and we had the whole quay to ourselves, and to the heaps of snow we plied our malt shovels so that soon there was a pile against the door as high as the lintel. 'With luck,' said Hugh, as we looked with pride on the finished job, 'and if the wind keeps as straight from the north-east as it is now, that little heap should help the drift considerably.'

'It's doing that now,' I replied, noticing that our work was being beautifully levelled and covered by a fresh gust of eddies which whirled the snow along the ground and on to our heaped-up door. Replacing the shovels we walked home by the road, a painful tramp through drifts that tried even our young legs.

By the early morning the blizzard had spent itself and the sky was clear and bright, showing the deepest fall of snow of all that hard winter.

It was only just daybreak when with the aid of the key we took our boat through the channel entrance to the broad. We had pumped Pikey sufficiently to know the whereabouts of the haunt of the large fish, which had so ignominiously broken up the London gentleman. The water was still open enough to leave a passage for our boat and it looked black against the surrounding ice.

For one hour would we fish. The drift against Pikey's door would occupy his wife all that time, we knew, and if we couldn't hook the beggar by then—well, he wasn't feeding and we could give up the venture. So the best and largest gold-fish in our bait-can was cast over the side and we watched it swim away. In a moment there was a swirl and a splash and we, who had been arranging for an hour's fishing, found that we were into our prize in the first minute. Hugh slacked off the line: 'Let him take it well down him,' he whispered. 'I shan't strike yet.' The excitement of those moments of waiting! The knocking of the ripples against the boat was the counterpart to the beating of our hearts as we watched the line being taken out and torn away from the reel. 'Now,' said Hugh, and he struck; for a second it was as

if his hook were into a log, then the rod bent and he had to steady himself in the boat. 'He is on,' he exclaimed ecstatically; 'my word! he is pulling.' First this way and then that went the line and then down into the depths, straight as an arrow. 'Keep him on the move, don't let him weed up, whatever you do,' I cried.

'Yes, it's all very well, but I can't move him. Hullo! he's off again,' Hugh called in reply. The fish only showed once—an anxious moment when he came to the surface and shook his head like a dog. But down he went again and gradually Hugh tired him and without another struggle brought him to the side of the boat and I slipped the gaff into his gills and the London gentleman's fish lay in our boat, angrily flapping and bending his body into half circles.

'After all, he's not such a very big one,' said Hugh, giving him his quietus with the butt end of the gaff. 'Not over fourteen pounds, I bet, and the man said he was over twenty; still he was worth coming for.' He was, in fact, the largest fish we had ever landed and we were able to make sure he was the fish we wanted, for his lip showed that he had been recently hooked. We decided after this to abandon sport, for we knew that as soon as she was able Mrs. Pikey would be on the broad in her boat, looking round. As silently as we had come we returned through the chains, carefully locking them, and in a convenient reed-bush placed our fish.

'Pretty morning's work, neatly done,' was the thought of us both. It only remained to call on Pikey and exchange the keys and all would be well. Through the still open channel of the little broad we rowed and, landing, made our way to Pikey's cottage. The sight that met us filled us with speechless amazement.

There was a solid wall of snow from just under the eaves, stretching like the side of a mountain to the front gate—we had sealed in our enemy very successfully. From one dormer Pikey's head was thrust out and from another Mrs. Pikey surveyed the scene, while in acrid terms she directed a small boy, who with an inadequate spade was trying to dig his way into the door. 'Well, Pikey,' we called out, 'what a storm last night, what a drift in front of your front door,' and Hugh added 'I never saw anything like it.'

'No, nor yet no one else, and tain't altogether the hand o' the Almighty, I don't reckon,' ejaculated Mrs. Pikey.

We ignored the remark and turned to the keeper: 'We'll

get some shovels, Pikey, and 'll soon shift this; you see what willing hands can do in about ten minutes.'

'Thank you wery much,' he began, but from the adjacent window Mrs. Pikey's voice interrupted: 'Yes, the same willen hands as helped put it there can take it away again, I reckon.'

'Yer musn't pay no regards ter what she say, she be naturally a little upset over this ere wisitation,' spoke Pikey. 'She couldn't get out ter ha' a look round this mornen', me being laid up and all, and I couldn't clear the owd doorway, but if yer'd kindly lend a hand, for that there boy Albert he don't kind o' make no hand on it at all, he don't.'

'Certainly, Pikey, we'll borrow some malt shovels and we'll soon dig you out. Lucky we came over with some more picture papers for you,' and so saying we fetched the shovels and started work. The job took longer than we anticipated, for Mrs. Pikey was exacting in her demands:

'Dew yer take it out o' the garden gate and hull it onter quay. I don't want all the slush apouren inter my house when the thaw come. Dew yer hull it over fence, I say.'

We *hulled* it, and very soon we had to take off our coats, for the drift was solid and the work heavy. Mrs. Pikey seemed to be gloating over our enforced labours. Presently we uncovered the threshold. 'Yer'll find a besom round side o' the house, I'll ask yer ter be gude enow ter sweep path right clean,' were the next orders, which we obeyed with alacrity. Then Mrs. Pikey opened her front door and her little red eyes gleamed. 'One o' these days I shall cop yer at yer warios entertainments,' she hissed. 'Yer may be as artful as monkeys, but yer'll be found out as sure as my name's Martha Pikey.'

'But—Mrs. Pikey——' we began.

'That's enow, we don't want ter hear no talk about it. 'Tis marvellous strange, Master Hugh, we never gets none o' these wisitations when yer tew be at schule. If I'd my way there 'ud be no such things as holidays, then honest folk might live in peace——'

'Look yer here, Martha,' interrupted the old man, 'the young gents may be all yer say, but surely they can't be held responsible for snowstorms such as we had last night. Mrs. Pikey is wunnerful upset this mornen,' he added, turning to Hugh, 'so yer must forgive her——'

'And here are some more pictures for you,' put in Hugh, anxious to change the subject.

'Forgive her! Well, there!' Mrs. Pikey burst into angry conjectures. 'If only I knowed what they be arter over here this time o' mornen; up ter some o' their games, I bet. Up ter no gude, that be a sure moral.' She was retiring to the back kitchen as she spoke and she continued talking at us from the sink as she washed up. 'But, there, Pikey allus was a fule, anyone can take him in. Howsomever he became a gamekeeper beat me, much less the broad-keeper. Why, if it worn't for me there wouldn't be a fish in the water or a bahd in the air.'

'She keep amobben, allus dew when she be upsetlike,' Pikey apologised. 'Lor, that sned last night, I never knew anything like it. Roads be all blocked, Albert tell me.'

'That they are,' we assured him.

'Anyhow here come postman, he ha' got through them,' and Mrs. Pikey, wiping her hands, went to receive a letter, and with her departure from the cottage the opportunity to change keys was once more given us. 'Gentleman be acomen end o' the week to have another try for that big fish and he mean ter stay till he get it,' she announced.

'Oh, he dew, dew he? Well, he may try, but he be a poor tule at catchen fish, I don't fancy he'll get un.' Neither did we, though we did not venture an opinion.

'Well, I'll see tew it as noe one else dew,' asserted Mrs. Pikey, and then her eye wandered to the key which Hugh had just replaced. She took it off the nail. 'They dew say as how them steel rings are gude for the screwmatics, shouldn't wonder as how a steel key might answer the same purpose, anyways I'll try un,' and she threaded the key on a piece of tape, hung it round her neck, and thrust it into her bosom. 'I may be wrong, but I seem ter ha' suspicions as someone might interfere along o' that key, they 'on't now. 'Tis better ter keep harm out o' harm's way,' she added with a searching glance at both of us.

For something to say I remarked to Pikey that we were glad we happened to be in Rushworth so early and able to dig them out, and as he thanked us Mrs. Pikey sniffed and repeated 'Happened!' We left the cottage before anything further could be said, but as we walked we could hear the old man remonstrating with his wife. Uselessly, of course; the last word was always with Mrs. Pikey: 'There be fules and fules, big and little, in the world. If them

tew didn't have a hand in this there drift my suspicions be wholly wrong uns and I never knowed 'em fail yet—not as regards them young warmen. They wor up ter some o' their pranks, I knows. The Almighty don't half bury up housen in snow drifts, tain't likely. And what's more,' and here her voice rose shrill and carried across the quay, 'if the gentleman don't catch that 'ere big pike I shall put tew and tew together and know the reason why.'

Only the other day Hugh and I were fishing for pike in those same waters. In my pocket was a letter which ran thus :

' . . . By all means have a day's fishing or a week if you like. I will instruct my keeper to wait on you and to do all he can to ensure good sport. If you want lunch or tea or a drink, come up to the Hall, I shall be delighted to see you. . . . '

As we passed through the chains Hugh examined the key. 'It's the same,' he said. 'I remember the little nick at the end of it,' and he passed it back to the keeper with a sigh. We had excellent sport, several fish up to ten pounds. 'But somehow,' said my companion, putting on the bait, 'fishing is not nearly as exciting as it used to be when we were boys. It's not half the fun being *given* permission to fish.'

Later he remarked : 'If I get into a really good one, I think I shall walk over with it to Panxworth where Mrs. Pikey is laid to rest.'

'What on earth for?' I asked.

'I'll make a wreath of it, curl it like they do whiting, and lay it on her grave.'

'And do you think her spirit would appreciate the act?' I asked.

'I wonder,' said Hugh thoughtfully. 'I'm afraid not,' he added presently, 'for though I should do it with all reverence and in love of her, I fear even such an act would once more raise her suspicions.'

CHARLES FIELDING MARSH.

A TRAGEDY OF ERROR:

BEING

A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS 'THE TRUTH ABOUT 1918.'

BY CAPTAIN W. L. BLENNERHASSETT, D.S.O.

THE German Generals having given the world the unsavoury spectacle of a squabble among themselves, it was to be hoped that the victorious leaders of the Entente would appraise the virtue of silence. However, it was not to be. Lieut.-Colonel Repington's demand in the October number of *The Nineteenth Century and After* for 'the complete elucidation of the whole of the details' merely yields to the clamour of our age, which is supremely impatient.

So much in reference to a controversy concerning 'The Truth about 1918,' which has burst into fresh flame in consequence of an article from the pen of Captain Wright which appeared in the September number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. In this article Captain Wright raises a number of momentous issues: such as the question of the general reserves available on either side in the spring of 1918, the question of unity of command, and, above all, the fronts of attack selected by the Germans for their attempt to break through the Allied front. With regard to this, we should like to make our standpoint clear.

With the author of the revelations, who is understood to have been Assistant Secretary of the Supreme Council, we are not here concerned, nor with the question to what extent his views are based on latent memory of documents or on Versailles gossip. This we leave to the two competent critics who have come down on him—Lieut.-Colonel Repington and Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice,¹ for of this we feel assured—that neither of the two critics named could possibly resent an indiscretion unless they were quite sure that all through the war they themselves have not been guilty of a like offence. . . .

From our point of view—which endeavours to be that of a student of history—Captain Wright's disclosures are of interest not only with reference to matters which his opponents allow to have been correctly stated by him—for example, his analysis of the proposed Allied G.H.Q. reserve—but on issues where he is accused

¹ In the *Nineteenth Century and After* and *National Review* respectively (October numbers).

of having fallen into grave error. For what he reproduces before us—consciously or unconsciously—is the atmosphere of Versailles, which, in the throes of great events, intermittently became the centre of the world's interest. We appreciate the revelations for the momentous questions they have raised, the bearing of which has not escaped Lieut.-Colonel Repington.

We believe it axiomatic to declare that the weightiest decisions of men are often influenced by the most trivial considerations, the petty impressions casually gathered on the way to or from a conference—not to mention prejudices or personal motives; these tend to escape the historian who, long after the event, scans official records, but live in the memory of the eyewitness.

With the multitudinous issues raised now by Captain Peter Wright, now by his critics, we do not propose to deal. To our mind the two main questions which dominate the issue and upon which we propose to concentrate are (I) the relations of the Civil Government to the Army Command, out of which arises the vital problem of confidence in the military issue; (II) the rôle of the 'Intelligence' in anticipating the exact front of attack selected by the Germans in the March offensive of 1918, and the reasons (in so far as these are ascertainable) which caused its advice to be disregarded.

I. THE QUESTION OF CONFIDENCE IN THE MILITARY ISSUE.

The first point raised concerns the statement made by Captain Wright that our Government contemplated the possibility that it might be 'the duty of our statesmen to make peace while still undefeated,' the conclusions of the Committee on Man Power having 'to decide whether the Allies should submit, compromise, or fight.' Lieut.-Colonel Repington, while unable 'to credit that such poltroonery was ever contemplated,' admits that 'such contemplation would throw light on many episodes' which he has 'been unable hitherto to explain on any other grounds.'

The thesis, so worded, what can it be but an attempt to ferret out important information? Lieut.-Colonel Repington has too long attracted the British public by his well-informed writings for us to doubt that he is fully aware of the fact that the men answerable for the conduct of British policy did on many occasions throw out peace feelers.¹ Nor can they be attacked for that,

¹ Compare his book *The First World War*. (Constable & Co., 1920), vol. i. p. 501; vol. ii. pp. 53, 54, 205, etc.

since it was their obvious duty to put an end to bloodshed from the moment it could be shown that *the objects of the war were attained*. If personages who were high up in the political world became shaken in their belief in a complete military victory, they may have had two objects in view: one being the chaos resulting upon a fight to a finish (which 'chaos,' I fear, we behold now); the other, the desire to feel the enemy's pulse and establish clearly the fact which the Western democracies required to know, namely, that Prussianism was not amenable to reason until it was knocked out.

If such peace overtures be criticised *ex posteriori* as futile, it must be borne in mind that our democratic orientation called for it, that the Entente was a coalition of nations suffering from the war in varying degrees, and having divergent political interests; finally, that this policy paid on merits, as the peoples concerned shouldered unheard-of sufferings and acquired fresh allies, while Germany, obstinate and sullen, ended by standing alone—*Germania contra mundum*.

It does not require great depth of political thought to realise that the downing and outing of Germany was an invidious task. The dire necessity had to be proved.

Looking at this from the point of view of the responsible statesmen in office—themselves civilians who judged of events at a great distance and remained unaffected by the imperturbable confidence in the ultimate issue of the front-line soldier—what were the facts?

'But subsequent years of the war are far less creditable to the Allies than 1914, for never again during the remaining four years, except for a few weeks in 1918, were the Central Powers to be superior on the Western European front . . .'

If Captain Wright can write thus—as a soldier, and after the event—what of the civilian point of view during the long course of a seemingly interminable war? How could it be explained that our delay in introducing conscription—apart from the irregularity of sacrifice it involved, as the flower of the nation, the Volunteers, were killed first—caused the destruction of what was left of the old, highly trained Regular Army, many officers, N.C.O.'s, and men, whose experience would have been invaluable in the Divisions of new formations, having to be sacrificed during the long intermediate period in enterprises of secondary import—

in the patrol and reconnaissance work of a tedious siege-warfare? How could the public realise what Ludendorff lived to discover, namely, that on the pure defensive, under modern conditions, lines of trenches could be far more thinly garrisoned than pre-war tacticians anticipated? The Germans, after the first battle of the Marne, the race to the sea, and the classic first battle of Ypres, rested on a line of their own selection, with all tactical advantages in their favour, while the Allies had to establish themselves on a line facing them, and were thus compelled, during many a long month, to submit to the law of their enemy. This apart from the fact that Ypres, so costly in lives, was held in 1915 for its political value, as its retention was calculated to influence Italy's decision (and, as was believed as early as December 1914, also Rumania's resolve) to throw in her lot with the Entente. The Army itself knew its moments of despondency—I allude to the period following upon the battle of Loos and the changes which took place in the High Command at the close of 1915.

If, nevertheless, it be held that during the period July 1917–April 1918, the loss of confidence in the military issue in responsible political quarters was greater than the case warranted, two considerations are relevant: one, that it was not confined to the British, and the other, that the relations between the military authorities and the then Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, were not such as to make for smooth co-operation.

As regards this, we are not talking out of school if we say that the 'Nivelle interlude of April 1917' had given rise to grave disorders in the French Army which came to a head in the month of June of that year. But while Petain settled down to the task of restoring confidence, what was the effect of the serious troubles that had occurred upon the political world? In my diary,¹ under date July 23, 1917, occurs the following entry:

'C. (then attached French Mission, Fifth Army) says his father, General C., writes that, notwithstanding Michaelis' denial, German peace proposals are pending, and he has misgivings concerning (the) attitude (of the) French who might accept.'

This news, despite the importance of General C., was not very alarming, seeing that the French defeatist party had been many

¹ Author's private diary (unpublished).

times foiled by the dogged firmness of the British Government. However, as I heard afterwards from the Germans themselves, the most dangerous move towards a 'compromise peace' was frustrated by the selection of General Smuts as partaker in this attempt. The peculiar mentality of the Wilhelmstrasse scented a deep plot in the presence of a Colonial general 'who, despite his merits, could not be the British Government's selected, genuine spokesman in a settlement which was primarily European.'¹ It is tempting to argue from this incident that minute trifles make for the preservation of Empires!

However, at the time I heard nothing more, until on February 1, 1918, on Paris leave, I had an opportunity of speaking to a person of authority in the French Foreign Office. An old friendship disallowing all insincerity, I was told point-blank that the position had changed, the French Government being, for the first time since the outbreak of the war, signally the firmer; the British Government, formerly so steadfast, showing a marked inclination to respond to German peace feelers. In this my informant took legitimate pride, but pointed out the obvious danger (the currents of opinion in his country being more liable to sudden changes), and concluded with the warning that, if the Germans were to affirm in the open what they said on the back stairs, it was more than doubtful if the French democracy could be induced to prolong the war for the sake of contested issues on the Eastern front, which, however vital, were imperfectly understood. A few days later, in London, an equally authoritative source confirmed this statement in all its essentials, and not only then, before the great Ludendorff onslaught of March 21, but as late as the end of April 1918.

Now I come to the other point—the treatment of the statesmen at the hand of the soldier. It is not in disparagement that I say that in the British Army the politician was viewed with profound distrust. From the very start the belief was ineradicable that the civilian demagogue would surrender in negotiation what the soldier gained by the sword. Such views prevailed in all armies, and not only in this war but (e.g., on the showing of Bismarck's 'Memories') long before our time. They are humanly explainable and, indeed, justifiable.

¹ Statement by a member of the German Opposition who seemed to know what was primarily, or even exclusively, intended for Austrian ears. (Author's private diary.)

Yet I cannot help thinking that the heavy task of the Prime Minister would have been lightened had the soldiers trusted him a little more. In this connection an incident occurred which is engraved upon my mind. Since so many people pretend to write the truth, why not do so?

During the major part of 1917, though remaining on G.H.Q. Establishment for my specialist work, I was attached to the Fifth Army Intelligence, and lent to the Third Army only for the Arras battle, to the Second for the Messines battle. In that year, although overwhelmed with the work consequent upon the third battle of Flanders, I was, as a notoriously non-pliable person, on Wednesday, September 26, sent to a Corps Headquarters for reasons in themselves so insufficient as to arouse my suspicions. These were justified, for, on my return to Army H.Q. (Château Lovie) late in the evening, I heard that Mr. Lloyd George had been passing through, and was shown by another Intelligence Officer over the German prisoner cage of a corps in close proximity—a cage which was not only not the main centre, but very little used. I ascertained that there all the physically worst specimens of German soldiery had been collected for the benefit of the inspecting Prime Minister—an achievement of which several officers were very proud.

I venture to disclose this incident now, not with a view to impugning the motives of an officer who served his country according to his lights, but to establish the degree of error that could be attained by men who had unconsciously become victims of the friction between the Civil Power and the Military Authority, which at various times became so acute. The reader will agree that this was hardly the most appropriate way of asking for reinforcements, which were already the prime and outstanding need of the British Fifth Army.

I took leave to point out the folly of this proceeding, saying that one of two things would happen: either the Prime Minister was successfully deceived—in which case he could have but a poor opinion of the fighting qualities of the British Army, which presumably had incurred enormous casualties (some 280,000!) in a battle with a motley crowd of bow-legged, hunch-backed, and undersized German fieldgreys; or, seeing through this flimsy game, his trust in solid information from military sources was justifiably undermined. Further than that I could not go.

II. THE RÔLE OF THE 'INTELLIGENCE' BRANCH OF THE STAFF IN MARCH 1918.

Leaving this subject, we come to the crucial question of the Ludendorff offensive of March 21, 1918, and the destruction of Gough's Fifth Army, to which I ceased being attached on Feb. 4.

The determination of the Germans to make a bid for a decision was established beyond a doubt—nay, the enemy positively advertised his resolve. The front where the blow was to fall became known. Here is the evidence¹:

(1) Enemy troop transfers from East to West, and significant changes in the grouping of the German Armies.

The appearance of Von Hutier on the Western front (St. Quentin area); identifications on the Sensée-La Fère front,² and prisoners' statements of divisions in other sectors of the Western front being held in readiness to relieve those engaged in the forthcoming offensive.

(2) An increase in the number of Artillery Flights on the fronts Croisilles-La Vaquerie and Bois Grenier-Richebourg to a degree not attained elsewhere. Added to this, on prisoners' evidence, the training of Pursuit, Reconnaissance, and Artillery Flights come from Russia in the back area, and the plan to raise the establishment of a Flight from 6 to 9 machines.

(3) Certain manifestations of enemy activity of a nature to give conclusive proof of his intentions which, however, it would be contrary to the public interest to disclose.

(4) In certain areas, e.g. Mons, an increase in billeting accommodation; evacuation of civilians, etc., etc.

(5) Enemy raids; statistical survey of these; consideration of sectors in which raiding activity was greatest and analysis of the motives underlying such raids. The fact that elements of divisions behind the line participated.

(6) Enemy work on trench system very marked on fronts where the alleged offensive is not to take place. In the area where it is anticipated many new screens, bridges, etc., and much road repair, (e.g. North and South of Bellenglise).

Improvement of communications north of the Scarpe.

(7) Increase in ammunition dumps in the La Bassée and Cambrai areas.

¹ From notes written at the time; the above purposes to be no more than a bare résumé of a mass of evidence.

² On this front of approx. 50 miles, 61 German divisions subsequently came into battle.

(8) Increase in aerodromes, and enlargements of existing ones. Very marked on line Lille-Lens-St. Quentin-Laon, but noticeable also in Flanders.

(9) Abnormal number of lights in back areas observed by aerial night reconnaissances.¹

(10) Finally, the evidence of deserters and prisoners.

As regards this, late in January 1918, the last service I rendered to the Army on the Western front was the examination of a prisoner, which, under circumstances which cannot be here revealed, was carried out with such care as to stand by itself in the history of the war. As a result, the front of attack was clearly established, save that it remained obscure how far south it would extend. The arrival of artillery from other sectors of the Western front and from Russia, as also the appearance of Austrian batteries, was elicited. Mention was made of the fact that the guns and howitzers of recent arrival were not allowed to fire for fear of disclosing their presence. The evacuation of the civilian population south of Lille was confirmed, and prisoner made the important statement that the German raids north of the La Bassée Canal, which were apparently 'unsuccessful,' were made for the purpose of establishing the strength of the British artillery, an offensive in the Armentières area being current talk among the German soldiers.

Apart from this, much more was revealed which was of importance, such as the practice of the enemy artillery with a standing barrage at a common range of 8300 yards, under control of balloon observation, etc.; the methods and aims of the training of his storm troops; contemplated tactical formations; unification of minenwerfers under one command, etc., etc.

A good deal of the above being checkable by aerial photography, it followed that, unless the enemy changed his plans fundamentally (which map study would disclose), the fronts of his attack were almost fully known eight weeks before the battle, though it remained doubtful which offensive would mature first—the one in the south against the Third and Fifth British Armies, or the one threatening at Armentières. However, there being reason, on technical grounds, to believe that the enemy desired to draw attention to his preparations on the Armentières front, this element of uncertainty was also being eliminated at this early date.

¹ This information is obviously of later date, namely, mid-March 1918; it is here included as a matter of interest.

Meanwhile the transcendent administrative changes, consequent upon the reduction of the British Infantry Divisions from twelve battalions to nine, was not all, the Staff of the Fifth Army, which was faced with the burden of the coming fight, being renovated. This procedure, at so critical a moment, was not calculated to make for continuity of thought, and was bound to entail important delays.¹

The cry was for reinforcements, which, notwithstanding the unfortunate occurrences at Etaples of the previous autumn and the grave disorders in this huge camp due to mismanagement, were available in England.

Were they asked for? Unquestionably. But, with the necessary insistence calculated to impress the Government? I can only relate that nine weeks later, when General Gough was down and out—his army having sustained the biggest defeat in the annals of British military history—turning to a personal friend on his staff,² he said 'I am not conscious of having done anything wrong. Only, in shouting for reinforcements I ought to have shouted louder.'

That was very much my impression at the time (end of January 1918); generals at war have a last argument which is irresistible if used. . . .

But to return to personal recollections. All during January special duties brought me to every Divisional Headquarters in the Péronne area. I heard complaints that on our extreme right, where 'No Man's Land' was unprecedentedly wide, the Germans had control of it, their patrols being encountered at night behind our line of Lewis gun posts. Further, as regarded this line of Lewis gun posts, I was asked to represent at Army H.Q. that it included positions abandoned by the French for want of a good field of fire. This matter not coming within my scope, it was arranged to put it before the Army Commander through his French interpreter, who sketched certain parts of the front for him, and saw him constantly. . . .

Those people who argue about the precarious position of the British Army as a whole, and the Fifth Army in particular, in view of the fact that a larger front had to be held in the spring of

¹ Even the Chief of Staff, Fifth Army (General Malcolm), left at this time to assume command of a Division.

² On the testimony of the friend to whom the remark was made. (Author's private diary.)

1918 with effectives approximately 120,000 rifles less than at the opening of the preceding year, may perhaps be reminded of the essential fact that the Fifth Army, under the terms of its agreement with the French, had with its depleted effectives only to hold out for a given number of hours, and therefore could afford to yield ground under a less rigid system of defence, and yet attain its purpose. The result of holding the line in the manner now proposed was to me as to many officers on Divisional Staffs a foregone conclusion. On my recall on February 4, I never doubted of complete disaster.

Meanwhile, at the beginning of the year, the late Brigadier-General Cox—for his capacity and zeal one of the revelations of the war—had become Chief of the Intelligence at G.H.Q. (Montreuil), and, in absolute agreement with the distinguished Director of Military Intelligence in London (Major-General Sir George Macdonogh), represented the enemy's plans as disclosed by the information at hand—the first and main offensive in the south to be followed by a second on the Armentières front.

It was admittedly hard to believe that the enemy would contemplate an advance across the stricken field of the first Somme battle, as it entailed going over ground which afforded little cover and was bereft of good communications. However, this intention had been revealed as long ago as spring 1917 (that is to say, soon after the German retirement on the Somme front), by a conscientious objector of the German Field Artillery to whom, incidentally, we also owed the first information regarding enemy experiments with a gas which answered the description of the mustard gas subsequently employed.¹ In view of this prisoner's reliability, his statements had been submitted to the G.S.O. I. Intelligence, Fifth Army, and carefully discussed.² Now, early in 1918, the enemy's advance across this Somme battlefield was foreshadowed by a formidable accumulation of evidence.

At G.H.Q., however, there lingered the powerful obsession of the Channel Ports, and, notwithstanding all proofs, the belief

¹ July, 1917, at the opening of the third battle of Flanders. It was correctly described, especially as to its effects, but the advice was disregarded in the same way as in 1915, when information concerning the employment of cloud gas reached us through prisoners long before the event. In 1917, however, rightly or wrongly, the enemy was also reported to be experimenting with prussic acid.

² The credibility of this witness was established by the information he gave concerning the changes in the establishment of the German Field Artillery, which was speedily confirmed.

persisted that it was the enemy's intention to force a battle in Flanders—the sole argument which was used being 'intuition.' The prestige of the Intelligence was at a low ebb, because, for special reasons which do not concern us here, its advice during the Cambrai battle (late autumn 1917), as expressed through the then responsible Brigadier-General 'I' B.E.F. had proved wrong. Under these circumstances the German offensive threatening in the Cambrai area in March 1918 was not rated at its real import, with consequences which belong to history.

After the blow had fallen, and the Intelligence Branch of the General Staff was proved right, heed was paid to its warnings concerning Armentières. The relief of the Portuguese, whom the Germans knew to be opposed to them and determined to attack, was conceded, but with delay—since the enemy offensive matured on the day before this relief was to take place, namely on April 9.

Such is—in its barest outlines—the tragedy of error, illustrated by a few incidents sporadically selected, the title of the tragedy being 'The Truth about 1918.'

One word more—and that with reference to the vexed question of unity of command. It rested in the last resort not upon externals—as some writers would have us believe—not solely upon conflicting ambitions or ill-timed expressions of national pride; but upon this fundamental principle of the French High Command, that *if*, during the anxious period which was bound to supervene between the opening of the German offensive and the arrival of the American troops, a desperate stand had to be made, it was, as in 1914, *to be for the defence of the Ile-de-France and Paris*, and not for the Channel Ports. To the French strategists it was the *conditio sine qua non*.

X

